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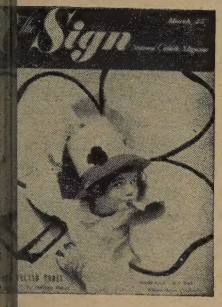

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"Charlie Chaplin Affair"

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I have read with much interest your fine, clear-cut editorial headed "The Charlie Chaplin Affair" and appreciate most sincerely your support of the position I have taken.

With sentiments of esteem, I beg to remain

JAMES P. MCGRANERY
ATTORNEY GENERAL

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Spiritual Thoughts

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Surely you are not discontinuing "Spiritual Thoughts" by Dom Hubert Van Zeller? He is so helpful in understanding the viewpoint of people in the world.

MADELINE M. NIESSEN

MEADOWBROOK, PA.

Plaudits

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Father Gorman's editorials are indispensable to me, and when I read the replies given by Father McDonough in THE SIGN POST, I say to myself, "that man is good." Sometimes I feel he is more tolerant than I would be.

TONY BRUCKNER

KAMLOOPS, B.C., CANADA

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Your choice of the Girl Scouts visiting the aged sick on Welfare Island as a topic for your SIGN Picture Story was very timely because one hears a great deal about the fact that our population is becoming rather top-heavy with older people and our society must begin planning to care for this situation. In addition, it was a cheerful treatment of the topic. This story confirms my belief that THE SIGN editorial group is aware of the sociological situation here in America.

I was very pleased to see John Lester's new Radio and TV column. His style is much more in keeping with the type of reader THE SIGN has.

E. Boyd Barrett's article on promises was very readable and simply written. I am always hesitant about reading articles dealing with such topics because they often are written in textbook fashion.

Mr. & Mrs. Jerry Cotter's piece on the Peter Lind Hayes and Mary Healy team was good, but I felt more could have been written about the struggles this team experienced to achieve success in the entertainment world.

LAWRENCE E. MCALLISTER

FLUSHING, N. Y.

Old Signs

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

One or two back numbers of THE SIGN have come my way and we all think it a splendid magazine. We have nothing like it in Ireland or Britain. I like it especially for the book and film reviews which are very helpful. I have summoned up courage to write to you in the hope that some kind person would send us their copies of THE SIGN when finished with them. Owing to the "dollar situation" we are not allowed to take out new subscriptions for an American magazine.

MRS. N. C. HUGHES
34 Glenariff Crescent,
Ballymena,
Co. ANTRIM, N. I.

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Portugal

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Many articles on Portugal which from time to time appear in the American press are nothing more than lamentations that the "democratic" republic which overthrew the monarchy in 1910 was put to an end with the "dictatorship" established in 1926. Leonard J. Schweitzer's "Portugal Under Salazar" departs from this and is quite a conscientious study.

It would be a great injustice to let such an article go unnoticed. THE SIGN should be congratulated for publishing an article of this nature, which probably acquainted many American readers with the true situation.

Though the article was quite faithful (as it was very well written and informative), I should like to say further that the government of Portugal is *no* dictatorship as it may seem in comparison with American democracy, (even an "albeit and paternal" one); but it is a new form of government quite original and unique in the twentieth century—a product of many years of hard work and experiment, a government made to order for the Portuguese nation.

ANTONIO J. MAGANO

OAKLAND, CALIF.

Passion Articles

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I enjoy your excellent magazine. When I have read it from cover to cover I pass it on for others to enjoy.

However, since Father Jude Mead's "The Hours of the Passion" started, I find myself reluctant about sharing the magazine. I want to keep it to go over these articles again. They are beautiful meditations.

Would it be possible to get the series in pamphlet or book? Please keep me from being selfish! Let me continue to share your fine magazine.

EDITH M. HARRINGTON

BOSTON, MASS.

"People"

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

We are proud to claim Mrs. Frank J. Higgins (*People*, October, 1952 issue) among the members of Kappa Gamma Pi—a national honor sorority of Catholic women's college graduates. She is an outstanding example of the principles for which all Kappas stand—character, scholarship, service, and leadership. We point with pride to your selection.

MRS. LEONARD BOWES

TOLEDO, OHIO

Book Review

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I have never been a Hemingway admirer but I do think that he deserves better than your reviewer, Clare Powers, gave him for *The Old Man and the Sea* (November issue.) What makes this book such a compelling, profound experience is not its artistic excellence—Hemingway has written as well before—but precisely the spiritual overtones which the reviewer denies.

Surely this book is something more than just a story about a man and a fish? Without too much effort, it falls into the pattern of a Christian parable. The struggle of the old man doesn't "lose" anything. Unfortunately I do not have my copy at hand, having loaned it out, but if my memory serves me the whole significance of Santiago's struggle is in his telling words: "But man is not made for defeat. A man can be destroyed but not defeated." This, if I have not misread my Hemingway in the past, is an amazing reversal for him.

Hitherto it seems to me Hemingway's victims have been inescapably patterned for defeat,, which is the reason I could never "take" him. You and I know that man was not made for defeat, ever, because he

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Long after you have departed from this world your charity will be making possible magnificent achievements for His Cause. Your name will be held in prayerful memory by the zealous and needy missionaries whom you have helped.

Let Our Divine Lord be among those specially remembered when the hour comes for you to leave all that you possess.

May we, for His honor and glory, and for the support of those laboring on home missions and in fields afar, suggest that this definite provision be embodied in your last will:

I hereby give and bequeath to Passionist Missions, Inc., a corporation organized and existing under the laws of the State of New Jersey, the sum of .....($) dollars, and I further direct that any and all taxes that may be levied upon this bequest be fully paid out of the residue of my estate.

THE SIGN
Union City, N. J.

CHURCH BULLETINS

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has free will. The implications of Santiago's statement then are stunning in their impact—if you want to give Hemingway the benefit of the doubt. How can you miss it? What happened to the marlin, its destruction by the sharks, is nothing; Santiago's is a moral victory, in line with the victory of the Cross. It seems incredible to me that anyone could miss the symbolism of the aching back, the bleeding hands, the spent body lying cruciform on the bare cot. If, as the reviewer says, Hemingway has achieved "perfection in construction" and "breathtaking beauty of language," he chose his words carefully.

I would certainly hesitate after this to refer to the "negative beliefs" of the author. This is far from being a negative book.

FORTUNATA CALIRI
BELMONT, MASS.

Family Unity?

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Ours is a Catholic family of four; two children and two adults. Our "daddy" is a convert. We are "fortyish," and while reading Catholic press articles on the dissolution of family life, remembering our childhood, we are puzzled. Catholic press and Catholic teaching strongly advocate solidarity and unity of families, from youngest to oldest. We thoroughly agree. But, dad goes to Holy Name Society, mother goes to N.C.C.W., son goes to C.Y.O., daughter goes to sodality. Dad goes to retreat at one college, mother (if she gets a chance) goes to retreat at another college; son goes to boys camp, daughter goes to girls camp; and home is left to the dog and cat!

And how about Sunday Mass? Children go to children's Mass and sit among other children; parents are emphatically told not to go to this Mass, as there is no room.

And Holy Communion—mother is looked down upon if she does not receive with the ladies on the second Sunday at 7:30; Father is upset at not seeing Dad among the men at Communion on the first Sunday at 9:00 o'clock, and Sister takes Tommy and Mary to task if they do not receive the third Sunday at children's Mass.

Perhaps I am presumptuous in feeling that the cry for family ties is being drowned out by the clamor of "belonging to" and "becoming active" in church societies of multiplying number, all highly specialized as to sex and age.

CATHERINE R. KELLER
HARRISBURG, PA.

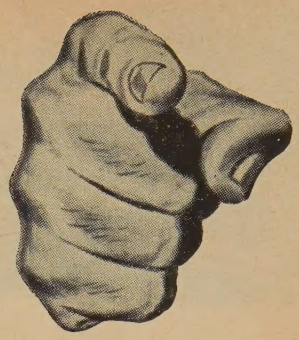
A. C. L. U.

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I would like very much to commend you and your staff for your fine editorial in the October issue along with your article on the American Civil Liberties Union. Although I am not a subscriber to your publication, these two features were brought to my attention.

The Minute Women have a library here which offers anti-Communist literature to

(Continued on page 80)



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Our Ambassadors of Freedom In Distant Lands

The two men sat in darkness on the long veranda; the gasoline lanterns drew too many bugs out of the humid night. For added protection, they sat inside a framework of mosquito netting.

The visitor had jeeped up-country for an overnight stay. Back in Wisconsin, the pair had known each other in high school. Now, one was an engineer for a far-flung industry.

The other was a missionary.

They talked about the States only casually, for both had been gone for years, and gradually the talk swung around to the local scene. Uppermost in the minds of both was the tide of Communism lapping at the land.

"Your people are hardly bubbling over with friendliness," commented the engineer.

"They're hungry," was the answer. He went on to tell why. It wasn't a pleasant summary: the war, epidemics, poverty, dirt, ignorance. And, constantly, the Red influence deliberately twisting misery into a means for power. He told of many incidents concerning the mission, of work blocked, plans wrecked, even of physical violence.

"Tell me," said the visitor, finally, "why do you stay?"

The missionary sat for moments, weighing his words, trying to pack into a few sentences the belief of a lifetime. Then he started to talk:

"Did you ever try to reason with a Communist? It's a heart-breaking job. It's . . . well, it's like trying to talk to a person who is hypnotized. You just can't get through. But those are the real fanatics. Fortunately, for every one of them there are thousands who are just unhappy . . . who are open to Christian guidance and are grateful for help. So this is the place to stop godless Communism, this is the front line.

"The young, particularly, are our big hope. You see, the Reds only make promises; they don't deliver anything even in the way of material help, much less faith and kindness. We missionaries have the true message to aid the spirit. And when we see the people living in despair in poverty and filth, we do all we can to aid them in material ways as well. If you only knew how much it helps; if we only had a few more of the things we need . . . Anyway, unless we are driven out, this is the place to stay."

There wasn't much answer to that. The talk drifted. Then the engineer stood up, ready to call it a night. "Need anything from home?" he asked in an offhand way. "I'll be back in a few weeks."

The missionary, drawn and tired, started to make a factual reply. Then, realizing it was a routine remark, he replied: "Yes, we do. Just a few things. A new hospital, six doctors, a pharmacy, an ice plant, a good Wisconsin dairy and . . ."

"Whoa," gasped the engineer, "I'm only one man."

Yet back of the missionary's words, the real need was evident.

» » »

The needs all add up to the same thing: health and healing and morale and aid to those who need it desperately.

One person, unless a millionaire, can't do much. But thousands, working together, can. For instance, there's an easy way to give your missionaries and their co-workers some of the aid they need — a touch of America, a part of better living they must illustrate in the outposts of freedom.

Years ago, nothing could be done about the heat, the lack of drugs and serums and ice, the scarcity of fresh milk in far-off lands. Now, it can.

Science has evolved a way to bring one of the basic advances of civilization to any part of the world. It's a simple thing, in essence — a refrigerator. Yet it is remarkable in that it operates far from mains or power lines, on the universal fuel, kerosene. It has no moving parts . . . runs on for year after year in any temperature.

To the missions, it means a method of preserving the miracle drugs of today, a means of keeping blood plasma on hand, a way to give children milk. Ice that pops out of a freezer chest can stop inflammation . . . keeps a patient alive until a surgeon can remove an appendix or get at the cause of a fever.

The results are many-fold. They bring gratitude; they produce proof that America and the faith of missionaries offer the real way of life.

This refrigerator is one of the famous Servel models that produce cold from heat, and use either gas, electricity or kerosene for fuel. It is available through the Servel International Division at a special price for missions. It's big, modern, efficient, as fine as anything in homes or hospitals or pharmacies here.

Many church groups unite to send these mission models abroad. They set aside church funds. Individuals mark their personal donations for such gifts. Servel handles all the shipping and export details; a model can be delivered in the shortest time, by the most direct way.

When you read the letters which come back from foreign lands, you begin to realize just how much such a gift means to our outposts against world barbarism. And you can read these letters, for Servel International has published a small booklet on refrigeration for missionaries in which the workers from all continents tell how this product of science aids their work. The book also tells of how a mission group can order a kerosene Servel . . . gives all the other essential details.

» » »

These are the colder days of the year here in America. Yet you still use refrigeration daily, and many times per day. You don't have to stock drugs. They're nearby. But think, each time you open the door, of lands where there are no cool days. Just endless, oppressive heat . . . no means of keeping food or milk or medical supplies. Then think what your group gift could mean.

Write for this booklet today. Your aid means that you are taking an active part, right on the front line around the world, in the battle for freedom.

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DECEMBER 1952
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Editor's page

Father Harold Purcell, R.I.P.

ON October 22, Father Harold Purcell, founder of THE SIGN and of the City of St. Jude, died at the age of seventy-two. It is fitting that we should pay tribute to him on this page which was his for the first thirteen years in the life of THE SIGN.

In April of 1921, Father Harold was preaching a mission at the Church of the Nativity in Scranton, Pa. As he returned to the rectory one morning after services, he was called to the phone. The voice on the wire was that of his superior, the Passionist Provincial, Father Justin Carey. Father Justin requested him to come immediately to St. Ann's Monastery, at the other end of the city.

Father Justin's instructions were brief and to the point. Father Harold was to found a magazine. Before he rose to leave, Father Justin pushed a little stack of bills across the table to Father Harold—five hundred dollars with which to start the work.

It was all as simple as that. Perhaps it was fortunate that neither knew anything about the difficulty of starting a magazine, or both would have forgotten the whole business right there.

In August of that same year, only four months later, the first issue of THE SIGN appeared. It wasn't a streamlined, professional job. There were no big-name authors or striking illustrations. In fact, the hand of the amateur showed on nearly every page.

But there was a promise, and it appeared here on the Editor's Page. Speaking for the Passionist Fathers, publishers of THE SIGN, Father Harold declared: "THE SIGN . . . purposes to disseminate truth; to combat the thousand and one errors confronting Catholics at every turn; to interpret from a Catholic viewpoint significant current events; to offset, in some measure, the pernicious influences of the lurid secular press. To this end, it publishes instructive expositions of the doctrines of Holy Church, pertinent articles on present-day issues, live discussions of industrial, social, and economic questions, refreshing and wholesome literary entertainment."

We feel that the founder's promise has been fulfilled. Turning over the files of the magazine, one can note the progress, month by month and year by year. We who edit THE SIGN today are still following on the path marked out for us by Father Harold Purcell.

Father Harold's energy was restless and insatiable. When the Passionist Fathers took over a mission in China a few months after publication of the first issue of THE SIGN, he took up the cause of the foreign missions with his wonted zeal. THE SIGN did not become a mission magazine, but a magazine with a mission it had adopted. Through its resources and from appeals to its readers, it supplied the funds to support the China Missions.

For years Father Harold had felt an irresistible urge to work for the Negro. He dreamed of founding a haven of Christian light and charity in the deep South for the members of this downtrodden race. By 1934, he could resist the impulse no longer and left brethren and friends to begin laying the foundations of the City of St. Jude, near Montgomery, Alabama. Starting his work alone, in a shack as wretched as the Stable of Bethlehem, he gradually constructed an impressive array of buildings and welded together a staff of devoted associates dedicated to the service of the Negro. By the time he died, he had collected and spent $5,000,000 for this work, money he had begged for the most part from rich and poor.

WHEN Father Harold died, the work was far from complete, but he had done his part. He could not be satisfied directing the operations of a going concern. His talent was to inaugurate, to pioneer, to promote, to venture into new fields on an uncharted course. Others could carry on what he had begun.

A humble man and poor, never seeking credit or praise or publicity or wealth for himself, Father Harold has left a rich legacy to the Catholic Church in America.

May he rest in peace.

Father Ralph Gorman, C.P.

Current Fact and Comment

EDITORIALS IN PICTURES AND IN PRINT

Religious News

Bishop Eugene Bossilkoff, Passionist of Bulgaria, reported shot by the Reds on October fifth. The Reds now boast they have wiped out Catholic leadership in that country.

United Press

Nineteen military experts from Tito's Yugoslavia are here to study our weapons and methods. Again we note the child-like faith which the U.S. accords this Red boss.

WELL, it's all over now for another four years. And no one can claim that it wasn't fun while it lasted. Fun, with all the inflated attributes which ad-men claim for a sponsor's product — except, perhaps, kissing sweet. The entertainment was diversified enough for each citizen to have his own gallery of souvenirs. But his private collection of titters would probably overlap with everybody else's on these points:

The End Of The Affair

The pollsters. In 1948, these political cardiographers acquired an acute sense of their own prophetic limitations. In 1952, they seemed to use up more rhetoric protesting how wrong they could be than in telling what they thought was right. Humility, as usual, came the hard way.

Stevenson. The executive from Illinois is a Democrat with an aristocratic political pedigree, a man who oozes a cool and somewhat pedantic charm. His campaign was conducted on a fairly high level. Not high enough, unfortunately, for him to pretend ignorance of what a friendly old pro from Independence, Mo., was doing closer to the ground. It is reported that the old fellow had himself a great time pitching unburied cat cadavers and squishy gobs of real estate.

Eisenhower. The General, a soldier with a long and detailed baptism in actual combat, is accustomed to such unrefined apparatus of controversy as siege guns and block busters. But that all seemed really sporting in comparison with the social carnage a presidential candidate is expected to deal his opponent in a campaign speech.

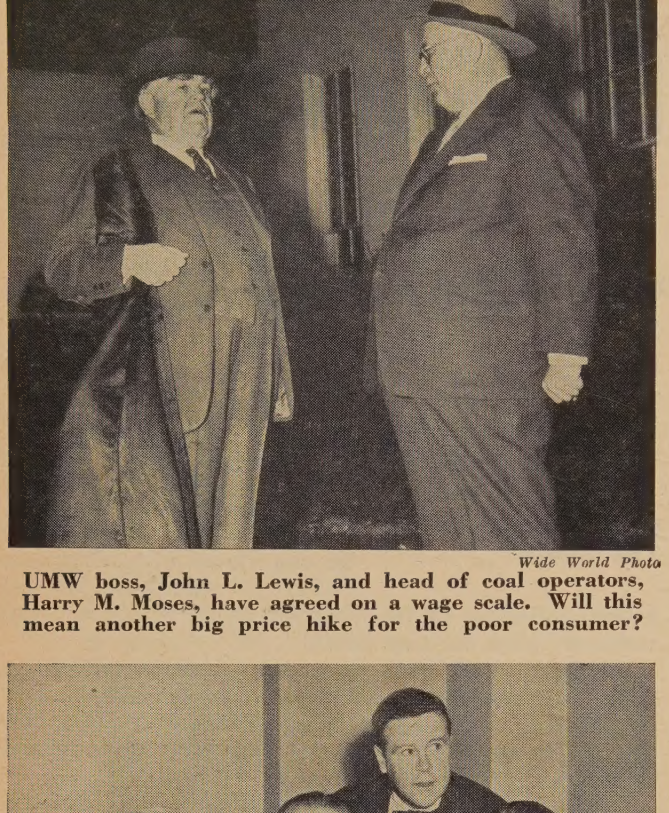
The national candidates, collectively. In a moment of amateur fervor, some parlor strategist challenged the Nixon finances, forcing Nixon to make a TV audit of his funds. This led to an activity seen usually in more juvenile circles and called "follow the leader." Each of the four candidates had to unload his sock in public as a condition for staying in the game.

The loud, lordly liberals from the East. They have a childlike faith in tolerance and sweet reasonableness as adequate weapons against Communism. They also have a big idea of their influence on the country, influence which they determined to demonstrate in Wisconsin, in the McCarthy affair. The influence was proved, all right. But it was influence-in-reverse. The laugh that went up was not all from the McCarthy camp.

Finally, TV. TV showed what a gilt edged promotion medium it is. Party treasurers had to scrimp and scrape and, in certain instances, had to forego this modern electronic miracle which can back a campaign train right into a few million American living rooms. The bi-party system, it seems, is hopelessly dwarfed by NBC and CBS.

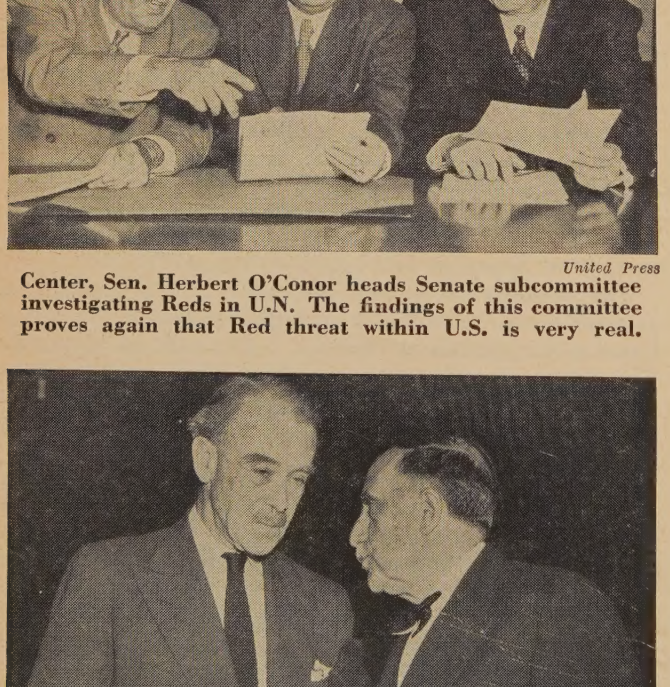
Well, it's all over now. And Mr. Eisenhower will be President of the United States, come January.

Probably there was little fun for him during the cam-



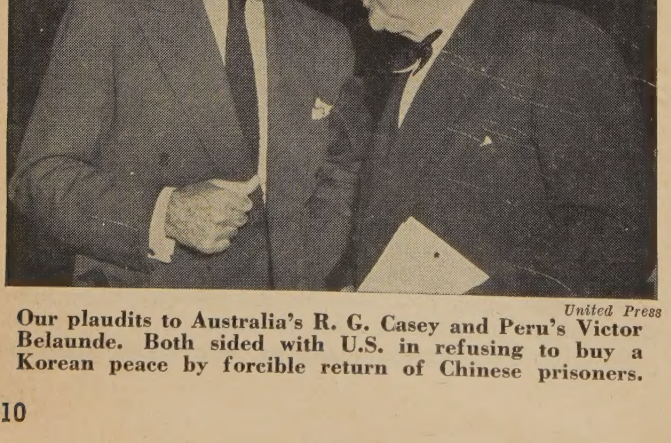
Wide World Photo

UMW boss, John L. Lewis, and head of coal operators, Harry M. Moses, have agreed on a wage scale. Will this mean another big price hike for the poor consumer?



United Press

Center, Sen. Herbert O'Conor heads Senate subcommittee investigating Reds in U.N. The findings of this committee proves again that Red threat within U.S. is very real.



United Press

Our plaudits to Australia's R. G. Casey and Peru's Victor Belaunde. Both sided with U.S. in refusing to buy a Korean peace by forcible return of Chinese prisoners.

paign. There is less now. And there will be still less in about six months, when the honeymoon is over and everybody has discovered, with a needless shock of surprise, that the President of the United States is only a man after all.

Really, that's all he is. He needs great moral courage to withstand the persuasion of all the hangers-on who will want to free load from the public till.

Incidentally, that is all the public is, also—a group of flesh and blood human beings. The public needs a lot of moral control, too. Especially that part of it which groaned and bled in spirit, pulling for the man who lost.

So, let's get back to work. Next performance will begin in July, 1956.

WE have been writing quite a bit about labor peace lately. First we suggested free collective bargaining as a way to avoid trouble. Too much government interference has hurt union-management relations. Our second proposal was wide use of the General Motors formula. This would give us long-term contracts which protect the worker and management alike. Now we come up with a third plan: working partnership between labor and capital. The idea behind partnership is simple. Justice is a rather cold virtue. People use it as an excuse to get into fights. For real social peace, the popes tell us, we must supplement justice with the warm grip of friendship.

The Hand Of Friendship

The old system led to a lot of fighting. With all the emphasis on rights, an atmosphere of suspicion often arose. Contracts were drawn up by Philadelphia lawyers. Everything was spelled out to the last detail. Labor agreements came to resemble treaties of peace, the aftermath of bitter and exhausing wars.

No wonder Pope Pius XI suggested softening the labor contract with elements of partnership. His successor asked labor and capital to realize that they had important interests in common. They eat at the same table. If such is the case better table manners are needed. In the past there were too many quarrels over who got the larger piece of pie.

From the viewpoint of the worker, partnership makes sense. It gives him a feeling of belonging. He is treated like a grown man. His views are asked and given fair consideration. Problems are explained to him. He does not merely get orders in a military fashion. He is not treated like a child who is too young to understand his father's commands.

Partnership also helps the employer. He gains by winning the loyalty of his workers. Satisfied employees are a tremendous asset, even though accountants have no place on the balance sheet for this item. Workers have a pool of experience and know-how which the wise employer will use. When the chain of command is a two-way street, ideas from below get to the top.

This approach will also give us better unions. When the labor union has to be a fighting organization, we get a class-struggle type of leadership at its head. The successful leader is the one who can fight hardest and get the most from the employer. But with emphasis on partnership, the union will have a different function. It will be an independent and skilled spokesman for worker-partners.

How is this partnership to be achieved? This is the same as asking: How do we make friends? Friendship is not a product of gadgetry. Dale Carnegie methods may smooth over some frictions, but they do not produce real friends. Likewise, attitudes and insights are more important than techniques in labor relations. Profit-sharing is a useful

. So is employee stock ownership. Suggestion boxes, ny publications, contests, picnics, and consultation rkers all help. But they will fail unless they are backed a real attitude of friendliness and respect.

this reason, we question the value of some postwar ean methods. For instance, the German technique of gun wedding between labor and management does not right. We do not believe that workers are pining for on the board of directors. Partnership to them means ltation in the day-by-day problems of plant life. They illing to let management run the industry, subject to tive bargaining and social controls. Unions and social ation will insure justice. The more delicate task of ng friendship calls for good will and Christian effort oth sides.

ERE'S some very fuzzy thinking going on at the entagon these days. It concerns a matter that is vital e future of this country. Seems a young man going into the armed services can expect, quite confidently, to come out a better man morally than he was when he went in. Or so the Defense Department like you to think. Officially, top Pentagon people nly saying they're "determined" that a man being dis-ed will be a better citizen than when he entered.

y Thinking Pentagon

t the services aren't reaching that high goal just be- they want to. Army life back through the ages has been noted for any tendency to improve men's morals. erica's citizen-army, 1952, is admittedly a new model. armed services have the best pay, the best food, the living conditions of any military forces in the world. are also run with more of an eye to the individual's n dignity, more of a recognition of the importance e man, than any other country's forces. Add to this Character Guidance Program that has been worked out World War II and you have a set-up unequalled in ry history.

e Character Guidance Program—CGP for short—was the abbit-in-the-hat that was brought forth to view at a gon conference recently. Some seventy religious leaders, l faiths and from all parts of the country, had been ed to Washington, to hear the program outlined. One vas spent at the Naval Training Center at Bainbridge, There the religious leaders saw one phase of the am in operation. Chaplains demonstrated the six factual lectures on moral responsibility that are given l Navy recruits during basic training. The other two were spent listening to chaplains and other Pentagon ls whose job it is to see that the program works.

the end of three days, everyone present was willing lmit that CGP is a great thing. A set of directives, re material, training aids and "instructions for in-tors" has been put together that is about as convincing effective as anyone could hope for. But all during the days there was a disturbing undertone. More in ides than in words, Pentagon brass told the religious rs that military service will make a man *better*. And of them seemed to swallow it whole. Not a few went saying they had learned a lot about modern military e and that they thought it was good for a man.

e military's aim—to return every serviceman to civil better citizen—is a good aim.

aching for it can inspire the military to do a lot more rotect men's morals and guide and educate them ually.

t it's one thing to state the aim and reach for it, and thing else to say you're hitting it when you aren't.

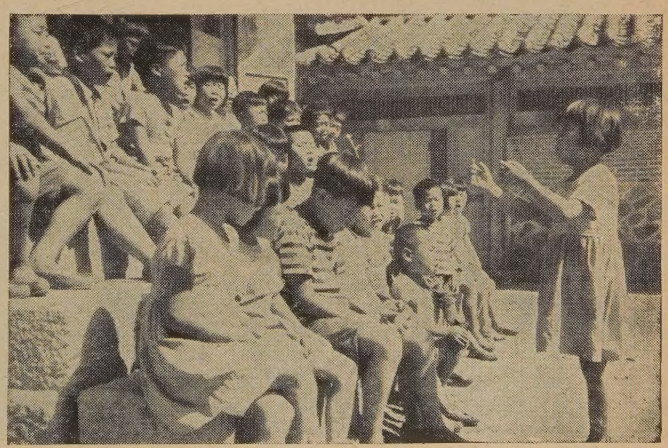
GASOLINE
A COMMUNIST FIRST — THE BIG LIE
SOVIETS OUT OF LITHUANIA!
UN is no place for Vishinsky Prison is the place
WAKE UP AMERICANS!
DO YOU WANT THIS?
DOWN WITH THE RED TYRANNY

United Press

A greeting from those who know! Former DP's who have lost parents and friends to the Reds, jeer Vishinsky and other Soviet Delegates on their arrival in Port of New York.

United Press

Italian mountain folk march to St. Peter's in Rome to hear the Holy Father. The Pope once more emphasized that Christianity faces the greatest crises in its history.



United Press

These little Korean orphans in Columban Fathers Orphanage in Seoul sing their glad songs as their elders fight for life and survival in a seemingly endless and bloody war.

United Press photos

A study in contrasts! In a warm U.N. palace, traitors have been found in U.S. delegation. In the cold of Korea, a bleeding U.S. soldier must use his rifle as a crutch.

New stained-glass windows for atom-bombed Catholic church in Nagasaki. When the wars and dictators are gone, the Church, with God-given vitality, quietly rebuilds.

And when you get right down to it the military is s falling far short of the goal. Military service, on the avera still is not improving young men.

The new Character Guidance Program is fine. There nothing in it that anyone with a belief in the natural could object to. It is so well planned and organized t even a dimwit could use it and would have a hard ti making it miss its purpose. It is doing a lot of good, a day by day it will do more. We can thank God services have had the vision to work it out and put it operation.

Now that that much is agreed, let's ask them not to so enraptured with its virtues that they lose all comm sense. Military service is not good for men. It may necessary for the very survival of Christian civilization, it doesn't improve the individual man's moral fiber. T services are to be commended, but not for improving m They are to be commended for great progress in reduc the harm military service can do to a man's soul. But t are not making saints and shouldn't claim they are.

STATISTICS and categories leave most of us emotion in a deep freeze. It takes people or gadgets to warm our interest. We should, perhaps, keep this characteri response of human nature mind when fashioning Christ greetings. A Merry Christ is only a generalization. Nob ever saw it on the street or g box of it from a friend. So let us offer our Christmas gr ings in a more precise way.

A Merry Christmas

If you have a son or husband or brother in Korea, wish him safe for you. We hope the new conference bu ing at Panmunjom will long outlast any need for it a shelter for warring negotiators. We hope, too, that reaso justice and not the shrill propaganda of hate will reso in it.

We wish you cheer in your new president. May he up on your pocketbook. Not by the dangerous metho paring necessary defense and security expenditures. by streamlining the cumbersome, squeaky processes of ernment. Notably by getting a full day's work out certain government employees, instead of multiplying partments so nobody will have to work more than an h a day.

We wish Negros steady advancement in their social ga May they continue to crawl out from under the modified Crow, ghettoized existence which is forced on them e in the liberal North.

We wish Jews an escape from the fate of exciting s remarks. A deliverance from the injustice of being juc by the poorest specimens of their race.

We wish Catholics an unlikely success in proving keeps that they are not planning a *coup d'état* in the Un States. Not drooling over a happy day when they can f Evangelicals to worship gory crosses, figurines, and Po And all the other things Catholics are supposed to ship.

We wish all of you a pocket full of money and conq in love. As much of each as God thinks good.

We wish you remembrance of Christ, whose birthday and who bosses all that happens in the world.

We wish you remembrance of Mary and her husb Joseph. Because a birthday is a family affair.

We wish you remembrance of the shepherds who very practical about the business of taking notice of Ch

And remembrance of the singing Angels who gave some wonderful advice about qualifying for just al everything by being men of good will.

MAP BY PAUL KINNEAR

Russians have bombers capable of flying 4,000 miles and returning—from Anadyr Complex in Siberia to Los Angeles or Chicago. Alaska in their hands would add a thousand miles to their range. Shaded area of map indicates the possible present danger zone

ALASKA—the Pistol in Our Back

Alaska is the sky highway between Siberia and the U. S. In Russian hands it would become a vast base for atom bombing U. S. cities

by ***JIM BISHOP***

THE men who do the thinking inside the gigantic doughnut which we call the Pentagon are mostly lean, busy men with stars and eagles on their collars and briefcases in their hands. They talk cordially and freely about the trouble in Korea, and they will laugh and tell you how unsecret the new secret Pentagon is, and they can discourse learnedly about the possible Soviet drive across the Balkans to the Middle East oil fields and the authority of a really dry martini at the Raleigh Hotel. But when you utter the word "Alaska" their cordiality dies and they study you anew as though they were really seeing you for the first time in your true light. Some suddenly remember that they have an appointment. A few are brusque—necessarily so.

"You see that map of Alaska on the wall?" said Colonel R. E. Hatton. "All I will tell you about Alaska is what you can see on that map."

"But Colonel," the interviewer said. "I am an accredited correspondent and I've been okayed . . ."

"Sorry," snapped the colonel. "Anything I can tell you involves the security of the United States."

That was the voice of the Army.

The Navy, by comparison, was almost loose-lipped. The blue brass thought about Alaska for a few hours and then sent word that, if a few questions were submitted in writing, the Navy would answer whatever was safe to answer—in three days, in writing.

The Air Force, which has the primary job of defending Alaska, permitted four colonels to talk a little. None could be called runaway conversationalists, but they could tell you that, while the eyes of the American people are eastward on the Iron Curtain and the cold war, the nearest thing to a potential hot war is in the other direction, at our back door.

It requires no military genius to understand that the distance between Alaska and Siberia is only seventy-five miles across Bering Strait—eight minutes by jet. If war comes, and a lot of thinkers are now dropping the word if and substituting the word when, the Russians have two primary jobs: one is to move westward out of Berlin and drive the Nato armies into the sea; the second is to secure a foothold in Alaska from which to bomb American cities as far south as Los Angeles and as far east as Chicago. Their stockpile of atomic bombs, flown from a base in our Aleutian Islands, can smash whole areas of San Francisco, Hanford (where we manufacture materials for atomic missiles) Grand Coulee Dam, Minneapolis, Omaha, Milwaukee, Kansas City, Seattle, Denver, Cheyenne, Salt Lake City—in fact, any place within a curving radius of Los Angeles on the west, and Chicago on the east. Theoretically, the Soviet bombardiers can drop publisher Robert

McCormack right out of his isolationist tower in Chicago.

This is not probable. It's possible. Such a war of attrition, if carried out with all the energy and strength of the Soviet Union, might not be decisive militarily, but it most certainly could bring civilian America to its panicky knees within a matter of weeks. What our people know of war is what they have seen in the movies.

TO understand the danger, you need only know a little bit about Alaska and a little bit about arithmetic. Most of us, when we think of Alaska at all, visualize a lot of grizzled miners, dance hall girls in sequins, the Yukon covered with sparkling blue ice, and some dog sleds. That's Alaska to us. What we do not know about Alaska is plenty, and yet it is important for our safety that we learn as much as we can about it, as quickly as we can.

Alaska, in the first place, is much bigger than you think. It is a gigantic pork chop about 20 per cent the size of the United States. The top of the meaty part is at Point Barrow; the bony shank rests at Ketchikan. If you superimpose a map of Alaska on a map of the United States—in proper scale—Ketchikan would cover a point near Jacksonville, Florida. The island of Attu would lie across Fresno, California. That's an enormous amount of territory to defend. And at a village called Wales, Alaska, the distance across the ice floes to East Cape, Siberia, is less than seventy-five miles.

Secretary of State Seward bought Alaska from the Russians in 1867. He paid $7,200,000. That's about the cost of two B-36 bombers. What we got for our money was a lot of ice, some pleasant Eskimos with high morale and low morals, semiperpetual night in the north, salmon, seals, walrus, glaciers, fifty-below-zero temperatures, thousands of miles of mossy tundra, a six-weeks' summer during which the whole land is boggy and foggy, a beautiful, neverending winter during which forty feet of snow is customary, the silent fireworks of the aurora borealis, a population which averages one person every fourteen square miles, a desolate, treeless landscape, a necklace of dead volcanic islands called the Aleutians, permafrost which hardens the soil to depths of 900 feet, willawaws which roar into the islands with such violence that rain falls sideways, ocean tides which rise thirty feet at dockside, few roads, mountains which rise sheer out of barren plains from 9,000 to 20,000 feet, practically no industry and little farming, 230 inches of rain along the southern coast, a peculiar ice fog which freezes like the hanging crystals on a chandelier, so that a man on foot can often look up between them and see the stars but can't see farther ahead than his nose, a single-track railroad which can be buried under a fifty-foot snowslide in a matter of seconds, a place where perishable foods in refrigerator cars must be heated, a big blob of land astride the Arctic Circle where crack Soviet pilots cheerfully flew 6,500 American planes back home as lend-lease, and where they couldn't help but look down and notice things.

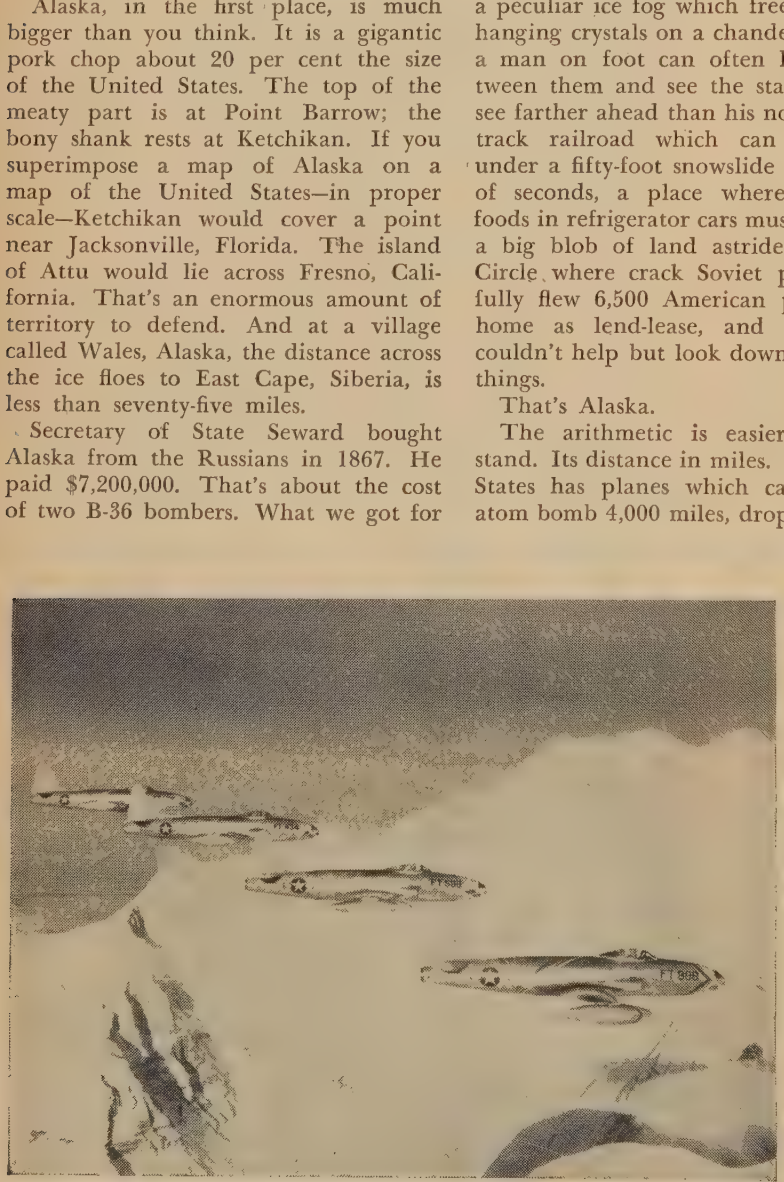
That's Alaska.

The arithmetic is easier to understand. Its distance in miles. The United States has planes which can carry an atom bomb 4,000 miles, drop it, and get home. There is no reason to believe, after what we've seen in Communist jets over Korea, that the Soviet Union is behind us on heavy bomber production. On their side of Bering Strait, they have an air base that is so gigantic that it is called the "Anadyr Complex." From there to Chicago, by air, is about 3,500 miles. Figure it out for yourself.

The other cities already mentioned are much closer. To bomb Los Angeles, San Francisco, or Seattle would be relatively simple. The Soviet pilots will not have to fly over land at all. They can come straight down the Pacific Ocean, thus avoiding our radar screen and, when they have passed the target, turn and come in low and drop their bombs on the way home.

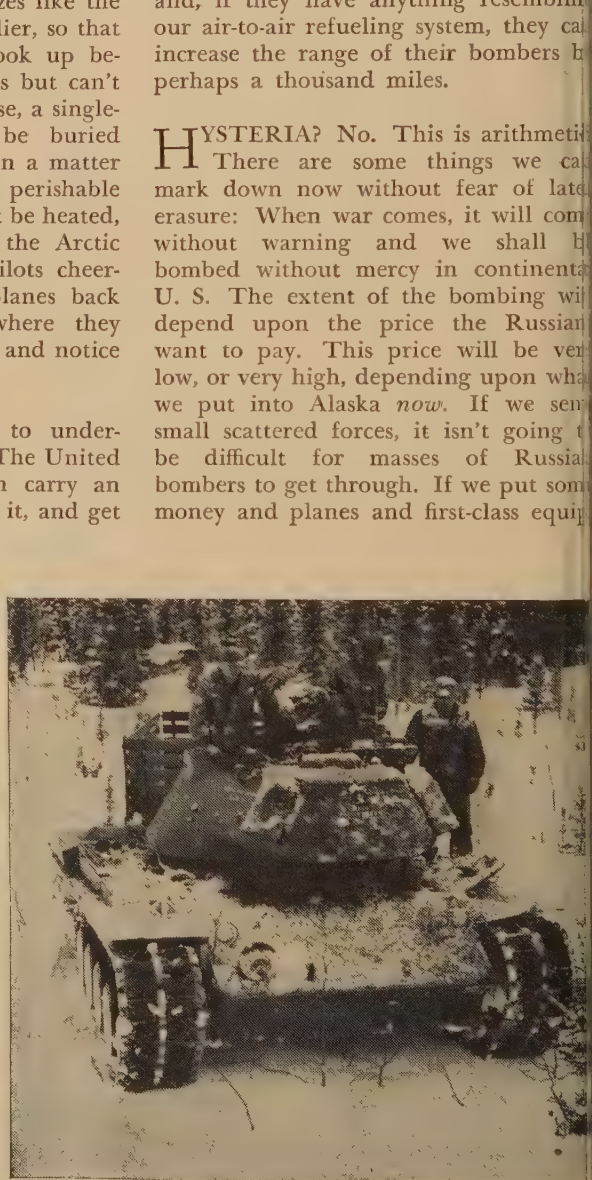
If the Russians can seize, and secure, an air base in our Aleutians, so much the better—for them. In that case, they will be able to furnish fighter protection for their bombers part of the way and, if they have anything resembling our air-to-air refueling system, they can increase the range of their bombers by perhaps a thousand miles.

HYSTERIA? No. This is arithmetic. There are some things we can mark down now without fear of later erasure: When war comes, it will come without warning and we shall be bombed without mercy in continental U. S. The extent of the bombing will depend upon the price the Russians want to pay. This price will be very low, or very high, depending upon what we put into Alaska *now*. If we send small scattered forces, it isn't going to be difficult for masses of Russian bombers to get through. If we put some money and planes and first-class equip-



U.S. Air Forces photo

Jet fighters like the P-80's shown above are Alaska's only air defense against possible Russian bomber raids



U.S. Army photo

Mechanized army equipment finds progress slow on Alaska's snow-clogged highways

ent into Alaska, the Russians are ›ing to find it very expensive to get rough. That too is smple arithmetic. he price for Hitler to get through oland was low, as von Blaskowitz arned, because the Poles weren't ady. The price for the first Com-unist sweep through South Korea was w because Syngman Rhee wasn't ready. earl Harbor was easy to bomb because e weren't ready.

The price of victory in war remains onstant: blood and treasure.

THE Siberian High Command can, if it chooses, strike in many direc-ons at once. It can send an amphibi-us force across the Strait to feint a nding on Seward Peninsula from two des: Norton Sound and Kotzebue ound. At the same time, it can send s medium bombers, with fighter escort, › try to knock out our big air bases at ladd Field, Shemya, Elmendorf, Marks ase at Nome, and others. If it feels in reckless and risky mood, it can also nd transports loaded with armed oldiers to try to take one or more of ose bases. With the transport planes ey have, the Russians could land about 000 men per hour at Nome. Simul-neously, they could send their heavy ombers down the Pacific Coast to ve our coastal cities a good going over ith atom bombs. There is nothing in e book which says that they cannot y all of these things simultaneously. n 1941, the Japanese proved that multaneous blows in several directions, refully synchronized, can almost win war at once.

There is another element—Russian ar—which points to Alaska as a field fire in the opening days of World War III. Alaska is no farther away from Siberia than Siberia is from Alaska. If we are vulnerable to their attacks, they are vulnerable to ours. You can be sure that the men in the Kremlin have thought of this many times.

Still, we treat Alaska as a defensive air theater. We have no big bombers there. Alaska's aircraft are zippy little jet fighters whose function is to defend us from big Russian bombers. In all Alaska, the only American bombers you will find are undergoing cold tests. Thus our potential for attacking the Soviet Union is nil; all we have are defensive planes and a big radar screen to warn us when the Russians fly at our throat. We could move our big B-36 bombers and our B-50's up to Alaska from Texas and elsewhere in a matter of hours, if there are any usable bases left in Alaska the morning after war starts.

If, on the other hand, our bases are not cripped overnight, the story will be different. Alaska is the sky highway to Siberia and the Orient. All of eastern and central Siberia are in range of U. S. bombers from Alaska. A big part of southern Siberia and China are in range of our bases in Japan. The rest of Russia—European Russia—is in range of our bases in England, Greenland, and North Africa. Thus it becomes reasonable to suppose that the Soviet Union may attack our Alaska air bases first.

Another strategic concept of Alaska is that it is a good base for shuttle bombing. Shuttle bombing, you will recall, is a one-way ticket across an enemy's land. You start from say, Fairbanks, Alaska, and if your target is a lower island in the Kamchatka chain, you will find it easier to continue onward and land in Japan rather than return all the way to Alaska. We shuttle-bombed Germany in the latter stages of the last war. Our aircraft flew out of England, plastered targets in East Germany, and continued onward and landed in Russia. There, they refueled, reloaded, rested, and then took off for England, bombing Germany on the way home. The increased range of big bombers—ours and theirs—makes shuttle bombing more feasible this time.

Another increasingly important item is the guided missile. We've all seen it in the newsreels and we've heard about it. The Germans devised it at a place called Peenemünde. Before a so-called rocket takes off, it looks like a big pencil standing upright in a carpenter's scaffolding. When it takes off, it looks like a king-sized Roman candle, very much like the ones we used to set off on the front lawn after dark on the Fourth of July.

BEYOND that, we, the civilian population, know little. One of the things we are permitted to know is that the big part of the rocket carries a little one in its nose and, when the rocket gets to a great height, almost a vacuum, the big one gives the little one a shove to start it off on lateral flight. The rocket is still erratic, and its margin of error increases the farther it flies. You might, for instance, aim it at a factory

JIM BISHOP, formerly war editor of *Collier's*, is now a freelance writer. Because of the importance of the subject, the Editors of THE SIGN sent him to Washington to collect from the best military sources the information contained in this article.

U.S. Army photos

Wearing "cold-dry" uniforms, infantrymen advance toward simulated objective in Alaska

U.S. Air Forces photo

The Coast Guard brings supplies to King Island. Even in summer, ice floes clog Alaskan waters

50 miles away, but at 250 miles, you'd be lucky to hit the right city, and, at more than 1,000 miles, you'd do well if you hit the proper state.

We are pouring big money into rocket experimentation with good reason: It is the weapon of tomorrow. It can travel the farthest. It can carry an atomic warhead. It costs about one-quarter of what a bomber sets us back, and has no crew and no conscience. When it starts to glide downward toward its target, it can move at the rate of one mile per second. If an enemy anti-aircraft crew spotted one at a distance of ten miles, they would have to load, aim and fire within ten seconds, because after that, the rocket would have passed them going at twice the speed of any shell fired from a gun.

THE Russians are much interested in rocket warfare. They captured V-2's at Peenemünde, Germany, and they also captured more than their share of German scientists. Whether the Soviet Union has made the rocket a less erratic weapon is not known. Whether they can fire theirs several thousand miles is equally unknown. If the answer to these two questions is yes, you may be sure that they now have launching platforms in Eastern Siberia, aimed our way.

The Russians have also gone in heavily for more efficient propeller-driven bombers. They have a new one with turbo-props called the TuG-75, which has six engines with twelve counter-rotating propellers. It has been clocked at 550 miles per hour, about a hundred miles per hour faster than the B-36. It is also known that the Russians have 20,000 first-class bombers and fighters and 20,000 World War II types which are still serviceable. In all, they have 250 air wings while we were arguing about building up to 143.

What we have to oppose all this in Alaska is a smooth-functioning radar network which can tell us when they are coming, some fighter planes to knock them down when they get here, a working agreement with the Canadian warning system, some U. S. Army units, and a naval force which stays on its own side of the International Dateline. It doesn't sound like much, but Lt. Gen. William E. Kepner, Commander in Chief, Alaska, is an air officer and he and his staff have made the most of what has been sent to them. The defense dollar is big these days, but it has to be spread all over the world, and few of our congressmen have paid much attention to Alaska. Besides, a building which costs $100,000 to erect in the United States costs $250,000 at Fairbanks, and $300,000 above the Arctic Circle.

Still, General Kepner and his staff have made Alaska as fool-proof from invasion as possible. It isn't possible to defend every island, every spit of land in 30,000 miles of coast, but Kepner has managed to achieve real unity among the branches of service in his command, and the most is being done with the least. Under Kepner, Major Gen. William D. Old has charge of air defense; Rear Admiral John Perry has charge of naval operations; the army is under Major General William M. Miley. These men work together like the parts of a finely balanced watch.

Alaska, as has been pointed out, is primarily an air theater. The army has little to do, because the terrain is almost impossible winter and summer for field operations. Brigadier General Elmer Roger Jr. said: "This land was intended to fly over, not walk over" and he's right. In summer, the land is marshy and gooey. In winter, the land is so cold that the Quartermaster Corps has to devise a special "cold-dry" uniform, in six layers, to keep standing men from freezing to death.

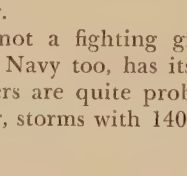
Army tests have proved several things: When the temperature drops below ten below zero, a man loses about two per cent of efficiency for every degree the thermometer goes down. Engine troubles also increase with each degree of cold. As much as 30 per cent of pure gasoline must be force fed into the oil systems of planes to keep the engines turning over.

Alaska is not a fighting ground for armies. The Navy too, has its troubles. Alaskan waters are quite problematical. In the winter, storms with 140 miles per hour gale force run through Bering Strait and render aircraft carriers inoperable. A blizzard on their flight deck can do the same thing. In the summer, fog thick enough to be sliced, plus ice floes, make the seas equally dangerous. The strait itself is navigable only in July, when freighters loaded with supplies make the yearly dash to Point Barrow. From December through the month of May, the port of Anchorage is piled three stories high with broken chunks of ice.

And yet our main source of supply for the Alaskan theater is by water. The new Alaskan Highway is good, but through the long winter, it requires hundreds of rotary plows to keep it clear enough for trucks to get through. This process is rugged and very slow. So Alaska depends heavily upon the small freighters which steam up from Seattle, past Vancouver, and on up the Pacific to Alaska. Admitting these things, we must also reason that the Russians know it too and, when the time comes, we may be sure that the Soviet Navy, which consists largely of fleet-type submarines, will range up and down our coastal waters, watching for the supply ships.

The late General William Mitchell, martyr of the Air Force, once said that "He who holds Alaska will rule the world." That is probably a geopolitical exaggeration, but Alaska is now so important to our national life, that the U. S. Air Forces are experimenting with ice islands as landing fields and as weather stations. We have known about ice islands since 1946. The first is called T-1. Today we have a T-2 and a T-3. They are tremendous, intact pieces of ice, several miles long in some cases, and very thick. They float with the Arctic currents, and weather station personnel live on one of them. In war, these islands might be used as emergency landing bases for crippled bombers homeward bound.

THERE is a lot being done in Alaska, you can see, and there is a lot more to be done. General Rogers summed it up best when he told a group of U. S. Senators: "The seizure of Alaska by an enemy, and the utilization of it as a base for . . . aerial attacks against the industrial heart of the United States, especially if that enemy is in possession of the atomic bomb and ruthlessly exploits the element of surprise, would constitute a menace to United States security of the gravest character. . . . Alaska must be defended for, in our hands, it is a springboard for offensive air action against a possible enemy; whereas, if it were permitted to fall to that enemy, it would become a pistol pointed at our nation's heart."



Not Fooled

▶ Watching a group of third-grade pupils at recreation one day, I noticed one of the boys chasing a little girl, a pretty child with dark curls and big blue eyes. She screamed and ran away from him as fast as she could run.

As the little boy passed me, he stopped long enough to explain in a reassuring tone:

"She makes an awful lot of noise—but she really likes it!"

—Ruth Perry Lyon

Christmas Bells

e story behind the magic od which is evoked by the l of bells

by
JESSY MAE COKER

AN you think of a holiday sound more appealing than the festive e of bells?

hildren love the thought of sleigh heralding the approach of Santa his gift-laden pack. The true air hristmas rings when tiny bells tinkle every opening door, for bells are re a mark of the holiday season as ed trees and Santa.

t of all the bells we hear on Christ- Day none are sweeter than the es ringing from the "belfries of all stendom"—as Longfellow wrote. e tones you hear may be from a e huge bell hung in a church le and rung by a bell ringer who gs on a rope to move the clapper. type of bell is associated with ish Missions of the Southwest and village churches. Such bells are es, repeating one "dingdong" sound, r playing a melody.

hen you hear the rich, mellow tones ur favorite Christmas carol fall "dis- and soft on your ear," you are hear- a carillon, the largest, rarest, most persome, and most expensive musical ument in the world.

ll music, a universal favorite, has al- been out of the reach of average iduals because of the labor and ex- e involved in producing it. Only churches and cathedrals have pre- ly been able to maintain a carillon. nks to electronics, and the genius Pennsylvania bell-maker, carillonic c is now available at moderate cost.

e orthodox carillon is a set of chro- ically tuned bells, ranging in num- rom 20 to 173 or more, rigidly fixed upporting beams suspended in a tower and played from a wooden organ-like keyboard called a clavier.

Black Star

Bells framing Church of the Nativity, Bethlehem

These bells do not move, only their clappers swing. The great frame from which the bells hang is elaborate, and numerous wires and rods extend from the keyboard in the church sanctuary to the musical bells in the belfry.

A first-class bell is cast of tin and copper in proportions of one to four, and since tone depends on weight, the bells may vary from 10 pounds to 30 tons—and cost from $250 to $25,000 each.

We can appreciate these Christmas bells more if we give a thought to the man in the belfry and the amount of work he does to produce those melodies for us. I say "he" because there are few women carillonneurs in the world. So great was the energy expended that the Medieval chimer frequently was obliged to go to bed immediately following a concert on the bells.

But we need not seek out these famous carillons to enjoy bell music on Christmas Day, or other times. The cumbersome carillon has been streamlined into a "pocket edition"—a set of electronic bells, weighed in ounces, not tons, and played from a small piano-like keyboard. Struck by miniature hammers, the tiny bells give off barely audible sounds which are amplified 100,000 times or more by a special electronic device that produces a clear bell tone the average individual cannot distinguish from the orthodox carillon bell.

The modest cost of this instrument has enabled village churches, theaters, and even private homes to produce carillonic music.

Bells have played an interesting role in the civilization of man since the first tiny bronze one was found in the ruins of Nineveh, but at Christmas season they seem to gain an added charm. Whether it be sleigh bells, hand bells, modern electronic bells, or the rich, majestic tones of a cathedral carillon, they all carry the same heart-warming message—"Peace on Earth to Men of Good Will."

Therese Anawalt, one of the founders of Lay Auxiliaries of the Missions in U.S.

PEOPLE

● A symbol of the new and vital mov ment in the Church is this smili young lady from Texas, **There Anawalt.** A convert to the Fait Therese had a burning ambition to missionary work. She traveled to B gium, where she joined the now famo Lay Auxiliaries of the Missions.

This group claims as its founder t saintly Father Lebbe, now decease While in China, Father Lebbe start his first lay auxiliary group in the city Nanking. These women were so w known for their good works and char among the poor that the Chinese call them the "very good ladies." In t meantime, Father Lebbe founded Lay Auxiliaries in Belgium and, throu the help of his Bishop, bought a ho and offered a three-year course of stud to all women interested in dedicati themselves to the missions.

Only recently, the Lay Auxiliar made their first tentative move to list the United States in their effo Interestingly enough, one of the t young women sent to this country that purpose was Therese Anawalt Texas. Therese and her group ma their first U. S. home in Chicago, far from the University.

Though the members of this orga zation remain lay women, their li are completely dedicated to the Chur They will go in teams to any la whose bishops ask for them, especia to native bishops, the basic idea be to train the mature women so t eventually these women can take the work themselves and train othe

Mr. Gerhard at the children's Christmas party of the Philadelphia Volksverein

● If **Charles Gerhard** could not be found in his law office, it could be because he was giving a radio talk to introduce the visiting German soccer team or flying to Washington to straighten out the visa of some displaced person. For he is the typical busy man who always has time for one more good deed to his neighbor.

Born in Philadelphia of German-American parents, he attended parochial schools, then studied law while serving as clerk in the office of a prominent attorney. The growing legal practice did not dampen his interest in young men's clubs, especially the Archdiocesan Union and the Big Brother Movement. With a few zealous priests and laymen, he founded the Hospice of Our Lady of Victory for boys on probation from the Municipal Court.

In 1940, Mr. Gerhard became president of the Volksverein in Philadelphia, for which he has arranged many outstanding civic and religious programs. In 1946, co-operating with Friends Service Committee, he secured a charter for the American Relief to Central Europe and raised thousands of dollars for that much needed and neglected charity. Since World War II he has spent a great deal of his time in behalf of United Action Committee for Expellees.

Mr. Gerhard is lucky to have a wife who can keep straight his many activities, and a daughter who is starting a Catholic literary career.

Manning Johnson, himself a former Communist, tells the story of a typical Negro Communist leader

Big Tom, the Red

White supremacy and racism made him a crusading Communist. Red flattery and its facade of idealism made him a devoted doorbell pusher, rally speaker, and riot hand. Negro loyalty defeated him, converted him, and brought him back

by MANNING JOHNSON

"BIG Tom the Red" is a husky, strapping Negro. He was born Thomas Williams in a small town in Georgia. His neighbors and other people in the Negro ghetto known as Harlem, in New York City, gave him the name "Big Tom the Red." The name was fitting because of his size and his fanatical efforts to sell them Communism.

When they spoke of him it was not with any personal hate, because they all liked Big Tom but they didn't like what he had to sell. His politics were all wrong in their opinion and they tried to tell him in many ways, but he was a stubborn guy. Bluntly they told him that Communism is not the answer to the Negroes' problem and that he was on the wrong track, but there was no changing him unless he learned by his own experience that he was wrong.

People liked Big Tom because he is a likeable guy, and they respected his intelligence, his ability, and determination to do something for his race, though they knew that he was misguided. They often wondered how he got tied up with the Commies, when he could have gone a long way without them. They all agreed that the race problem must be solved but not in the way the Communists proposed. They tried to get Big Tom to see it their way, but their efforts were in vain.

Day in and day out, far into the night, even on Sundays and holidays, Big Tom was on the job plugging the Commie line and literature. He must have thought he was a sort of voice in the wilderness, because rain or shine, in summer's heat and winter's cold, he was very active distributing handbills, selling literature, ringing doorbells, speaking at meetings, recruiting members, visiting unions, clubs, fraternal organizations, churches, and leading riots. The cause of Communism was his first love. Family and other personal considerations were secondary. He would leave his family for long periods at a time to do work for the Party. In the true sense of the words, Big Tom was a "professional revolutionist." He would go anywhere the Party sent him. He would do anything the Party wanted done. He hated America, swore allegiance to the Red Flag emblazoned with the hammer and sickle, adopted Soviet Russia as his fatherland, accepted Stalin as his leader and dedicated his life to the destruction of America and the Sovietizing of the world. All this he did, believing that in this way his people would be freed from the evil of racism.

How did Big Tom get this way? Wha

Wide World

Negroes hold high rank in American Communist Party. Here Henry Winston and Benjamin Davis pose with other indicted Politburo members

ed him on America? What turned into a traitor? What made him com- treasonable acts, in the interests of alien government, against his own try and urge others of his race to he same? Briefly the answer is racism Communism.

e was born and reared in Jim Crow oundings which in time he grew to The narrowly circumscribed life d upon race hate and the belief that ad no rights which a white man was hd to respect rankled and embit- l him. He wanted to get out of it. friends who had gone North wrote ing letters about the freedom and ileges to be found there and advised to get out of the South as soon as could get together enough money. e of them told that they were never g to return even to visit relatives. this impressed Big Tom and gave something to look forward to.

E wanted to go to college, but his parents couldn't afford it, so he to go to work after finishing high ol to add to the family income. Get- even a high school education was a thing, since so many others were if they finished grade school.

ter graduation he married a fine attractive girl and would have set- down, but he could not harden him- to the Jim Crow surroundings as so many others of his race. The recollections of a race riot in which e hoodlums indiscriminately at- ed Negroes, burned their homes, ked their businesses, and the Roman day atmosphere that prevailed when of his neighbors was dragged from home and lynched, left a deep im- sion on him so that no amount of uasion could stop him from moving family North to "freedom."

surprisingly new world was to open to Big Tom. He settled in a tenement in Harlem. It was one of the many tenements in this area that had seen their best days long before the white people moved out and the Negroes moved in. In this overcrowded area with its horrible slums, vermin-infested buildings, and unsanitary conditions, he mingled with other Negroes who, like himself, had fled the South in search of a better life and opportunities for advancement.

He encountered much difficulty before he got a menial job doing heavy and dirty work in a metal shop on Long Island. This was the only kind of job given to a Negro. He had to take it or leave it, so he took it and sweated and strained with the other Negroes. His wife, Martha, also got a job as a domestic to help pay the exorbitant rent exacted by a greedy and heartless landlord. There was no other place to live, not for a Negro, so the landlords jacked up the rent two and three times what it was when white people lived there. In fact, the white landlords opened the area to Negroes knowing that the whites, not wanting to live in the same community with Negroes, would move out and then they could get much higher rental from the Negroes. Big Tom looked upon this as robbery without a gun, but there was nothing he could do about it, so he fell into line by cluttering up his tenement flat with roomers to help pay the rent. Four years before his wife had given birth to a son and he wanted a private room for him, something that he didn't have when he was a boy, but this was a luxury he could not afford, so they were compelled to crowd three in one room.

Harlem is a Negro ghetto on the island of Manhattan, in New York City. Except for the fact that it is the hub of Negro life, it does not differ from the ghettos found in other big cities or from the area "down by the railroad tracks" in smaller cities and towns. Here can be found numerous issues that can be exploited to stir up the populace. And where there are issues, you find the Communists. They have a job to do, and they need the Negro to help them do it.

BIG Tom had heard of the Reds through the part they played in the Scottsboro Case, but he had not been impressed with their propaganda. He had contributed some money to the cause and that is about as far as he had gone. They had left circulars under his door asking him to attend this-or-that meeting for this-or-that cause which he read and ignored. His only interest was taking care of his family, making ends meet, attending church regularly, and completing a course in a trade school which he attended at night in an effort to get ahead. If he had been left alone he might have gone a long way. But you don't stay in Harlem or any other Negro community long before the Commies contact you. They are busybodies peddling their wares whereever they think people will buy.

On the job where Big Tom worked, there was a white fellow who took a sudden interest in him, because Big Tom stood out among his fellows. He was a sort of leader among the other Negroes. They looked up to him. This white fellow went out of his way to be friendly and took up the cudgels, so to speak, for Big Tom when other white employees made slurring and insulting remarks. When Big Tom finished trade school and sought a promotion to machinist helper, only to be turned down by management, this white fellow was quick to point out the injustice and suggested doing something about it.

Acme

Part of a lynch mob which stormed a jail in St. Joseph, Mo. and lynched Negro prisoner, Lloyd Warner, accused of rape

Wide World

Negro dragged from street car during Detroit race riots in June, 1943

Posing as a friend and different from the other white men in the plant, he was able in time to break through Big Tom's distrust, and he pressed his advantage by inviting him to a meeting of a Negro and white group, ostensibly working for equal rights for the Negro people.

The program of this group as outlined to Big Tom by his white "friend" was very attractive, but he had learned never to trust a white man. Time and time again he promised to attend a meeting but always found an excuse not to appear. Far from being discouraged, the white fellow kept after him until he finally got him to a meeting of the group.

At the meeting he was introduced to the "comrades." They greeted him warmly and made him feel at home. The principal speaker, for the benefit of the newcomers, painted a vivid picture of the unjust treatment of Negroes locally and nationally, and urged them to join in support of the campaign to eliminate these conditions. Other speakers talked about lower rents, better housing conditions, better jobs, and other legitimate things which gave clarity to the thoughts that were troubling Big Tom, and he felt that here was a group that he should support. That night he joined the League of Struggle for Negro Rights.

HOOKED by the bait of this Commie front, he was on the road. He was given literature to read. What he did not understand, his white "friend" patiently explained. At subsequent meetings the speakers very cleverly and skillfully tied up the just grievances of the Negro with the "system." The capitalist system was pointed up as the evil thing responsible for the Negro's plight. They hammered away at this until Big Tom began to hate the "system." The struggle for Negro rights became a struggle for "national liberation" from the oppressive capitalist system.

Meeting followed meeting. Activity followed activity. In his enthusiasm for the cause, he neglected his family. The opiate of Communism had him under its spell. His wife complained, so he pressured her into joining to help the cause. Soon home and church became the least important things in Big Tom's life. Home became only a place in which Big Tom slept after laboring in the Communist vineyard. Church became a place only to visit when you wanted the members to support some Red campaign; otherwise it was "a tool of the system."

The League of Struggle for Negro Rights was, like all other Commie fronts, a school for Communism. The masses

MANNING JOHNSON was a Communist Party leader for ten years, during which time he served on the National Committee. He later worked with the F.B.I., investigating Communism. He is now a Consultant for the Department of Justice, Investigations Division.

are attracted and then schooled in Communism. Those who show the qualities of leadership are given special attention, as in the case of Big Tom. He didn't know anything about Communism, but they soon explained to him what it was all about and convinced him that while he was a good leader he could become a better leader through membership and training in the Party. They pointed out to him that James W. Ford, William Patterson, Harry Haywood, Otto Huiswood, and other leaders of the organization were members of the Party and that they were leaders because they were trained by the Party. Consequently he joined the Communist Party thinking that in this way he could advance himself and his race.

Shortly after he joined the Party came study groups and secret schools where he wolfed down the Commie line, spurred by the belief that he could work efficiently for the liberation of his race and also by the promise of greatness through leadership. The Party leaders took him out of the shop and put him on the payroll so that he could devote full time to Party work. His enthusiasm, courage, loyalty, and ability as a speaker and organizer earned him a scholarship in the Lenin Institute, in Moscow, with all expenses paid by the Russian Government.

A surprising new world had opened to him. His new-found comrades had opened up little-dreamed-of opportunities and made him feel, for once in his life, that he was really important. In the Lenin Institute, they pumped him full of the theory, strategy, and tactics of race and class warfare, rebellion, and revolution. They taught him to hate and to teach the masses to hate America and all other capitalist governments and to mold that hate into talents and energies to be put in the service of the revolution. Moreover he met Dimitri Manuilsky, Lazar Kaganovich, O. Piatntzky, Alexander Lossovsky, and other leaders of the Soviet Government, whose word is law to every Communist all over the world, and listened to their assurance of full backing of the program in America.

On his return to the States he was, like a number of other Negroes who graduated from the Lenin Institute, full of enthusiasm and zeal to bring about the revolution. He was assigned by the Party leadership to work among his race, and he tackled the job with vigor.

This enthusiasm did not last, becau he soon found out that getting Negro to accept Moscow's program was a toug job. The results were disappointin The vast majority refused to buy. Su Jim Crow, discrimination, and the oth evils of racism created grave disconte sure the Black Belt, where racism rampant and exploitation shameful, a fertile ground for the seed of r bellion, but, despite this, the Negro couldn't be sold.

There were times when Big Tom h his doubts about the Party leadersh and the program that he was order to carry out. After all, he was bureaucrat, because he worked da among the members of his race. H knew their feelings, their moods, a their aspirations. He knew that th respect the opinion of their leaders all-important race matters and destr ing that leadership is easier said th done. He knew that Negroes are lo to America even in the face of injusti and that they want and seek integrati and equality in American society, n separation into a Negro state arisi from the fires of rebellion, bloodsh and revolution. Though he knew these facts, he dared not express th lest his remarks be construed as oppo tion to Stalin's program, and nobo stays in the Party who even thinks t Stalin "The Leader" is wrong.

HOWEVER, these doubts persist and forced Big Tom to take st of the more than twenty years of his tivity. He had worked in numer Commie front groups. He had seen a helped them grow only to see th wither on the vine. He had found and helped build the National Ne Congress. It seemed for a few ye that this set-up would turn the t for the Party because of the wide s port and backing it enjoyed amo Negroes and whites. But when Phillip Randolph, the President, wal out and exposed the Party's cont and domination of this organizatio eventually went the way of all others. New front groups like the gro Labor Council were formed to tract Negroes to the Party. He wo have to plug this one until it was posed and then there would be anot and another to sell. To Big Tom had become a vicious circle of de tion.

The more he thought about it more the picture began to clarify. T National Association for the Adva ment of Colored People, the Ur League, the Interracial Councils, wh he condemned as tools of Wall St were getting things done. The lea of these groups he called "filth f the gutter" and "misleaders." The

press he called "gutter journalism." because he was told to do so by Party bosses. Why, he asked himself, n these groups were getting results healthier race relations? Then it ned on him that he was the sucker, the Negroes who refused to buy. He the one that had been used to mis- his people by telling them that the tion of their problem lies in Com- nism.

ividly he recalled that he was taught he was first a Communist and nd a Negro and that the Party de- s what is best for the Negro, be- e the "tail does not wag the dog, dog wags the tail." In this he saw the first time the cynical, evil, and less face of Communism behind the k of warm and smiling "friendship" rd the Negro. Then and there he lved to get out of the Party and ex- it.

G Tom talked it over with his wife. She told him that had been her ion for a long time but she wanted to find out for himself. Then she inded him how they persecuted, dered, and hounded George Hewitt, ro Communist, to his grave. There e others with whom Big Tom worked he and others called "traitors," "enemies of labor." He could ex- no better treatment, but his mind made up so that come "hell or high r" he was through with the Reds. ow that Big Tom has broken with Party, he has fears where he used ave hopes. He knows that the Jim v laws, denial of fair employment upgrading, discrimination in hous- and education, the use of mayhem lynching to enforce Southern cus- and traditions, denial of the right ote, are excellent issues that the s can use to subvert the Negro population. He continues to be surprised that Negroes with few exceptions have rejected the attractive appeals of the Reds, even though racism has done more than any other thing to drive them into the camp of Communism.

Big Tom knows that one of the most dangerous illusions white Americans can develop is the belief that since the Negro has rejected Communism business can go on as usual. The temporary defeat of the Reds has not discouraged them. But under the lash of Moscow, they are more determined than ever, and it should be borne in mind that Stalin will not accept excuses for failure in any assignment.

Though Big Tom quit, he remembers that there are others like him who are still in the Party and are fanatically loyal to Stalin. Take for example Benjamin Davis, Jr., who shouted at a meeting in Harlem "I would rather be a lamppost in Moscow than to be president of the United States," before he was sent to jail for conspiring to overthrow the U. S. Government. And take for example William Patterson, Moscow-trained leader of the Civil Rights Congress, who presented the "We Charge Genocide" petition to the United Nations in Paris, with much fanfare and publicity. He made this presentation with the full approval, sanction, and support of the Moscow high command. The carefully documented material showing racial violence was the result of studied preparation. Patterson did not, nor did the other Red leaders, expect the petition to be accepted, but they recognized the dramatic and wide propaganda value of the material in the petition.

Here was a group of Americans, headed by a Negro, accusing their own country of deliberate intent to destroy, in whole or in part, its Negro population. Obviously this propaganda was not so much aimed at impressing the Negro in the U. S. A. as it was to win the darker races to Soviet leadership by using the unjust treatment of the Negro as proof that America hates the darker races. Big Tom remembers Red tactics. In this way they sow seeds of suspicion, distrust, and hate of America and the West, and at the same time pose the Communists as the friends and champions of the darker races.

He shudders every time racists in America add more fuel to the fire. For instance, the bombings in Florida in which Mr. Harry T. Moore, leader of the N.A.C.P., and his wife were killed; the rioting in Cicero, Illinois; the statement of James Byrnes, Governor of South Carolina, a former U. S. Secretary of State, to the effect that he would abolish the school system in his State, should the U. S. Supreme Court outlaw segregated schools, and the statement of Grand Dragon Hendricks that "rivers of blood will flow" if Negroes don't keep in their place. These horrible incidents are used by the Reds to create much of the distrust, suspicion, and hate expressed against America by the darker races.

Big Tom hopes America will face this problem squarely. It is vital to the present and future security and well-being of our country.

BIG Tom wishes everybody could see it as he does: racism in America, Malanism in South Africa, and the outmoded relations with colonial peoples maintained by shortsighted Western leaders, who refuse to recognize the necessity, the moral and Christian duty of change, are giving the Communists the tools to dig the grave not only of the West but of our whole Christian civilization.

European

Negro slums in outskirts of Chattanooga, Tenn. Such conditions drove Big Tom north to New York

European

Negro slums in Harlem. Big Tom found little sweetness and opportunity in New York's colored Ghetto

World's Finest Cribs

The eighteenth-century artists made their Nativity figures of delicately carve wood, and gave them the maneuverability of marionette

A SIGN PICTURE STORY

A reverent awe is expressed in the figures of this famous 18th-Century Italian crib. As the custom, the figures are dressed in contemporary garb, and ruins replace the usual c

The Nativity scene, crib, or creche reached its highest rm of art and craftsmanship in the eighteenth centurv. he finest collection of these cribs is housed at tne urich Museum in Switzerland. The figures, most of em averaging about a foot in height, are works of art ot only for their intrinsic value as wood carvings, or ecause of their precious jewels and clothing, but chiefly because they can be manipulated as puppets. They were designed for Nativity plays at the Royal palaces.

Some of the most detailed figures came from Naples, long famous as the home of the eighteenth-century Gepettos who turned out marionettes of almost magical proficiency. As was customary, the figures are clothed in the dress of the artist's contemporaries.

The Annunciation as depicted by an Italian artist. Note the Dove hanging by a string.

The Adoration of the Magi executed in wood by a Swiss artist. The figures are dramatically posed to express divine worship.

A Gothic depiction of the Nativity in high relief. It is probably one of the earliest of that period.

A detail of Nativity scene, showing the finely made garments which have been carefully preserved in wax.

Gift for the Giver

by IRMA LOCKARD

ILLUSTRATED BY EDDIE CHAN

Alice gave her children all the good things her own sacrifices could buy. But children crave things more precious than packaged gifts.

ALICE picked up the skirt of the navy blue suit Mrs. Linton had tossed on the bed, and her black fingers lingered over the feel of the material. All wool gabardine, she knew—not the rayon mixture of Madier's suit that waited down at the credit store. Today was Christmas Eve, and the final payment was a week overdue. By the end of the day surely she would have the money, Alice told herself, but she wished that the day was over and that Madier's suit was safe at home with the rest.

"Coatsuits are certainly expensive," remarked Alice.

"They certainly are," Mrs. Linton replied absently. She was standing before the mirror holding up the gray silk with the peplum. It was an annual event, this sorting through Mrs. Linton's wardrobe for clothing to go in the Christmas box for Mrs. Linton's sister who lived in the country.

Out of habit Alice began to talk about her four tall children. "My children's getting coatsuits for Christmas. Blanchie, she pick brown. Madier, she pick green. The boys, they both pick blue. First, Li'l Rascal pick brown, but then he changed his mind and pick a blue "bug suit, jist like John."

Mrs. Linton turned. "Alice, you're not wasting good money on those ridiculous jitterbug suits for the boys, are you?" changed his mind and pick a blue "bug suits, Mrs. Linton."

Mrs. Linton laid down the dress she was holding. "Alice, you've worked for me for six years. And where does your money go? Always some foolishness for those children of yours. Never one penny for yourself!"

"What makes my children happy makes me happy," said Alice. "They's a program at the parish hall tonight, and I'll be right proud to see all my children in new suits."

"And what will *you* wear? That old black silk I gave you, I'll bet."

"That black silk you give me still's a good dress," said Alice. "I left it by the cleaning place, and they promised it for tonight. That black silk fresh cleaned and pressed looks a heap finer'n most."

Mrs. Linton drew a deep breath, and Alice knew she was in for the lecture she had heard once a week for the past six years. "There are times when you should think of yourself first, Alice. I've watched these sacrificing mothers who give and give. They wake up one fine morning to find their children ashamed of them. Children ashamed of their own mother! Alice, if you don't get some sense in that head of yours . . ."

The ring of the telephone interrupted, and Alice breathed her relief as Mrs. Linton hurried out to answer. Alice knew Mrs. Linton could not understand. Mrs. Linton was childless, and she could not possibly know of the great pride that grew and grew with one's children.

"It's the beauty shop," Mrs. Linton called back. "I'm late already. Finish folding the clothes, please, Alice, and I'll put them in the box when I get back."

As the front door closed, Alice turned back to the navy blue suit that lay on the bed. Not a thread worn any place, she observed, and she could not resist slipping into the jacket. She turned slowly before the mirror, admiring the smooth lines about the waist. But then with a sigh she took off the coat, for Mrs. Linton's castoff suit could not possibly solve her own problem. No real cause to worry, she tried to assure herself as she went about the straightening and the folding. She had been with Mrs. Linton for five Christmases, and each year the gift had always been the same. A big box of fruit and candy for the children, and a five dollar bill for herself.

"Now, buy yourself something nice," Mrs. Linton always said. "And if I catch you spending one penny on those great children, I'll skin the ears right o your head!"

Four new suits for four children h not been easy to pay out, even thoug the children had helped the best th could. Blanchie, eighteen and a seni in high school, had kept a white lady child in the evenings. John, sixtee had taken over the paper route for t colored folks, and even Li'l Rascal, w was twelve, had found errands to ru after school. But Madier, the shy a awkward fourteen-year-old, had fou no way to contribute.

"Cooking and cleaning, that's yo share," Alice had assured the child. B Madier's sensitive face held a conce Alice could not dispel.

And now, on Christmas Eve, all t suits were paid for and safe at hon except Madier's. For the hundred time Alice made mental calculatio Her worn black purse held exactly o dollar and eighty-five cents. It wou take Mrs. Linton's five dollar Chri mas gift to pay off Madier's suit. O dollar and fifty cents would go for t black silk at the cleaners, and tha would still be enough for bus fare hom

Alice finished folding the clothi and gave the stack a final pat, th turned to the dozens of other tasks th awaited her.

It was after four when Mrs. Lint returned laden with last-minute sho ping. Alice hurried to the front door help with the packages.

"Ought to be a law against last-minu shopping," said Mrs. Linton. "How h the work gone, Alice?"

"House's done clean from top to b tom."

"Good! If you'll finish in the kitch I'll wrap packages."

At ten minutes of five Alice took t cup cakes from the oven. She test the jelled aspic in the refrigerator, th checked the table to make sure t knives and forks were in their pro

places. Satisfied that everything was in readiness, she took her coat and scarf from the nail in the pantry. Mrs. Linton was sitting on the floor in the living room, hurriedly sorting through old Christmas trimmings. As was her custom, Alice said from the doorway, "I's done, Mrs. Linton."

Mrs. Linton nodded absently, "Thank you, Alice, and Merry Christmas. Alice, is there another box of old trimmings in the attic?"

"I'll go see."

"No, never mind. You're late getting away already. I'll go myself." She started clearing a path. "Don't forget your Christmas box, Alice. It's there, under the tree."

It was a large box tied with a red ribbon, and Alice picked it up. "I thanks you," she said. "I thanks you so much."

"Well, Merry Christmas, Alice," Mrs. Linton said again.

Alice waited. It was at this point on the other Christmases that Mrs. Linton had pressed the five dollar bill into her hand. "Now, buy yourself something nice," she had said. "And if I catch you spending one penny on those great children. . . ."

But today Mrs. Linton said nothing. Mrs. Linton was halfway across the room before she even noticed that Alice was still there. She stopped, puzzled. "Was there something else, Alice?"

Alice's heart sank. That child's so fussed she plumb forgot my five dollars, she thought. Pride forced a smile. "I jist stopped a minute to get my coat buttoned."

Once outside, Alice leaned against the back door. Without the five dollars it was impossible to make the final payment on Madier's suit. And the thought of Madier, so lacking in the self-confidence of the other children, made it equally impossible to go home without it. It was against the policy of the credit store to let merchandise go without the final payment, and it was not likely that Alice could persuade them to do otherwise. Yet the only thing left was to try.

By the time Alice reached the business district the street lights were on and the Christmas decorations twinkled in the gathering dusk. As she entered the credit store, the big clock on the wall said nearly five-thirty. She went directly to the cashier's cage at the back of the store. Mrs. Ross, the gray-haired cashier, looked up and smiled.

"Well, Alice, I see you made it." She reached for the receipt book. "I was beginning to worry about Madier's suit."

Alice looked down at her worn black purse. "Yessum, Mrs. Ross, I made it,

Mrs. Linton drew a deep breath, and Alice knew she was in for the lecture

all right. But trouble is, I lacks the money."

"Why, that's too bad, Alice." Mrs. Ross sounded genuinely sorry. "It will disappoint Madier, not to have her suit for Christmas."

Alice hesitated. "If I brings the money Saturday, you think they'll let me have the coatsuit tonight?"

Mrs. Rose looked doubtful. "You would have to take it up with Mr. Stern, Alice. He's busy at the moment. Would you care to wait?"

"I'll wait," said Alice. She stepped aside to make room for another latecomer.

It was not until ten minutes of six that the door of the inner office opened and Mr. Stern's round face appeared. Mrs. Ross spoke quickly. "Alice, here, has been waiting to see you."

The frown of annoyance was a bad omen, but Mr. Stern stepped out of his office. Already Alice had advanced to meet him. "It's about my girl's coatsuit," she said. "I misfigured on the money, and I lacks the funds to pay it out."

The frown deepened, and much as Alice disliked asking favors, she forced herself to go on. "If it was for myself, I wouldn't ask it. But it's for my girl. I'll bring the money Saturday, but could you see the way clear to let me have the coatsuit tonight?"

Mr. Stern shook his head. "Sorry. It's against the policy of the store . . ."

Mrs. Ross interrupted. "Alice has been a good customer, Mr. Stern. If she says she'll bring the money Saturday, she'll bring it. And if she doesn't, I'll make it up myself!"

Mr. Stern shrugged. "Very well. But see that the store doesn't take the loss."

THE counters were shrouded in muslin covers as Alice made her way toward the front door with Mrs. Linton's bulky package under one arm and Madier's suit box under the other. Outside she hurried the three blocks to the cleaning place, but as she rounded the corner she could see that the building was dark. And as she feared, she found the door locked and the shades drawn.

Alice put down the packages on the cement steps. The black silk was Alice's only good dress, and unquestionably it was locked away for the night. And then Mrs. Linton's words came back to her. There are times when you should think of yourself first, or you would end up bringing shame to your children. And Alice knew this once Mrs. Linton was right.

Alice could not appear at the parish hall in a cotton house dress while the children wore new suits. It would look as though the children had taken everything for themselves, and had given no thought to their mother. Under the shame of it the children would not be able to hold up their heads. They had worked too hard for their Christmas to be ruined in such a manner. As much as Alice had counted on going to the parish hall, she knew there was only one help for it. She would have to find an excuse to remain at home.

Alice, who never lied to her children, knew that for this once she would have to make an exception. She picked up the bulky packages and started toward the bus stop. "I done got myself a sick headache," she practiced. "It come on in the morning, and it got worse in the afternoon." But even as she said it, she knew in her heart that Madier would not be deceived.

Alice got off the bus where it turned to loop back to town and set out on the last lap of her journey on foot. The shifting weight of the fruit made Mrs. Linton's box hard to handle, and with the added burden of Madier's suit, her arms ached by the time she turned in at her own front gate. It was Blanchie who opened the door for her.

"Did you bring Madier's suit, Mama?"

Alice was proud of the careful way her children had learned to speak. In fact, she was proud of everything about her children, and she stopped a moment in the doorway to look at them. Alice herself scarcely topped five feet, but all four of her children had grown tall. The two boys were walking about the room, practicing the uneven gait that went with the broad shoulders and baggy trousers of the new "bug suits."

Blanchie took the suit box from Alice, and Alice watched the girl's slender grace as she untied the string. Blanchie, the beauty of the family, had chosen well. The brown suit matched the brown of her skin, and both were set off by the white blouse and the white gardenia she wore in her hair. Alice knew that Blanchie would not be left to her long. Not that there was any special young man yet, but the wisdom of her race told Alice the girl was ready for marriage.

It was to Madier, her dearest, that Alice turned last. The child was too tall for her fourteen years, and she stooped slightly to compensate. Standing now in the center of the room in a too-short petticoat, she looked more gangling, more awkward than ever. And her big eyes were fastened anxiously on her mother's.

"Where's your dress, Mama?"

Li'l Rascal saved Alice from answering. He had spotted Mrs. Linton's box and he made a dive for it. "Mrs. Linton's box!" he whooped. "Can I open it now, Mama?" Without waiting for an answer he tore off the ribbon and the wrapping.

Blanchie had shaken the folds fro Madier's suit and now she slipped t skirt over the child's head. "For goo ness sakes, Madier, turn around. I rather try to dress a fence post!"

Madier's anxious eyes were still o her mother. "Where's your dre Mama?" she asked again.

Alice slipped out of her coat to he push Madier's limp arms through t sleeves of the blouse made of last su mer's voile. "Never mind about m dress," she said. "Get yourself into yo coatsuit."

"Look, Mama," cried Li'l Rascal, h mouth full of apple. "Nylons for Madi and Blanchie, and flowered hankies Blanchie said, "For goodness sak Madier, hold up your shoulders!"

"Look, Mama," Li'l Rascal cried agai "Plaid sox for me and John with nec ties to match!"

MADIER spoke through stiffen lips. "Something happened to yo dress, Mama. You don't want us know." Alice's heart sank. She kne the child's Christmas was spoiled.

"Look, Mama! Look what's fl you!" Li'l Rascal was waving somethin Madier turned. "Why, it's a dre Mama!"

Blanchie said, "It's no dress." S dug deeper into the box. "Look, Mam It's a coatsuit!" And she came up wi Mrs. Linton's navy gabardine.

"Here's a card," said Li'l Rasc "It's got writing on it."

Alice, who did not like to admit b fore her children that she could neith read nor write, spoke quickly. "We read what it say, Li'l Rascal. Jist 'cau you're the littlest no sign you ca read."

Li'l Rascal screwed up his face. " 'De Alice,' it says. 'For once I want you outshine those great children of you Put the blouse frill on the outside, a wear the coat buttoned. Merry Chri mas, Alice, and God bless you!' "

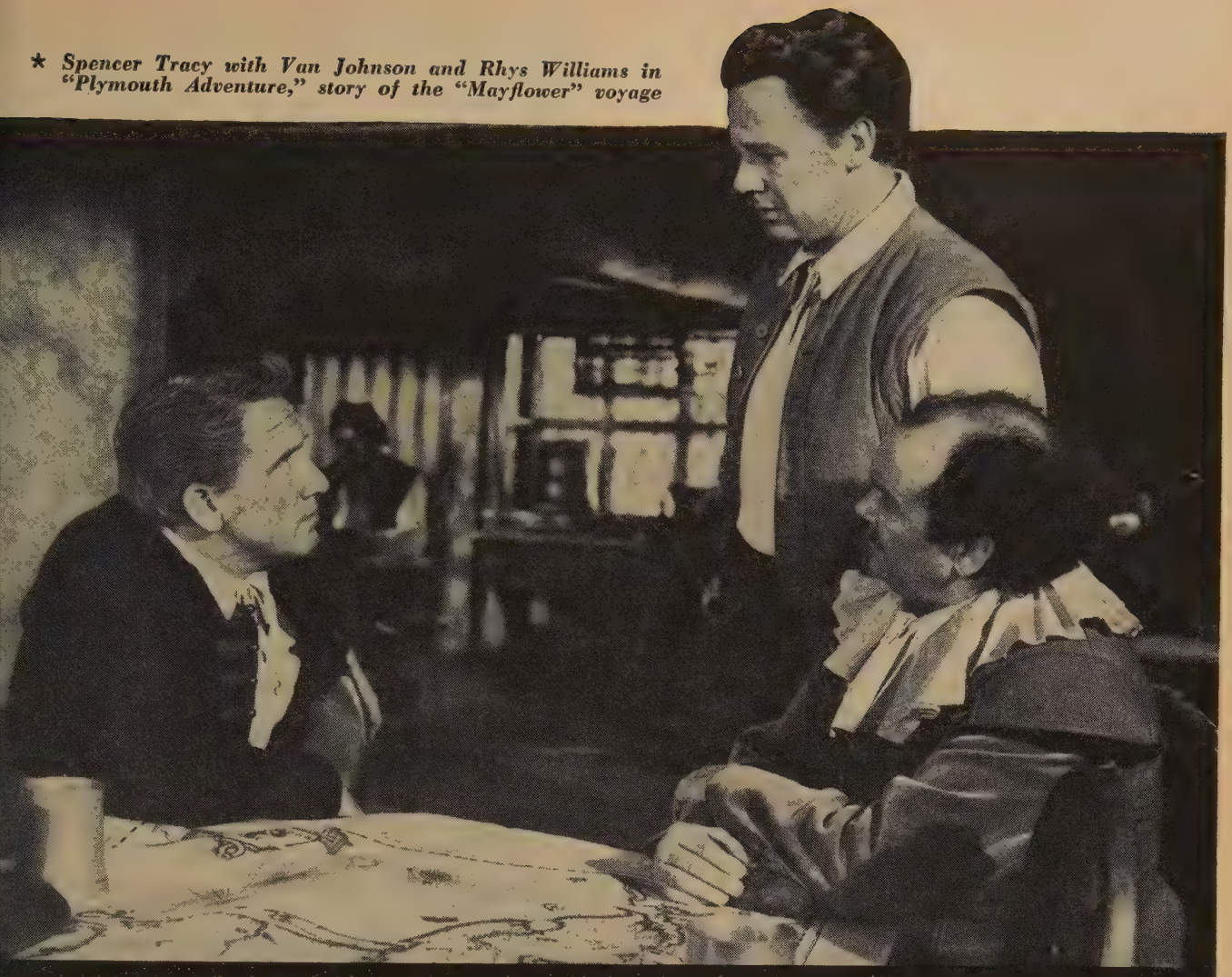
Already Blanchie had ripped Alic dress over her head, and Madier w helping her into the suit. While Madi fluffed the blouse frill, Blanchie to her own best hat, punched and pinn it into a smart pancake, then stepp back to admire her handiwork.

Alice, who was the smallest, n somehow looked the tallest. The bo stood gaping at the well-dressed wom who was their mother. But it w Madier, the awkward one, who put t admiration into words.

"You're the finest, Mama. That co suit Mrs. Linton gave you makes y the very finest of us all."

Alice scarcely glanced at the su Mrs. Linton's real gift was not the su The real gift was the pride that Al saw in the faces of her children.

★ *Spencer Tracy with Van Johnson and Rhys Williams in "Plymouth Adventure," story of the "Mayflower" voyage*



Stage and Screen

by JERRY COTTER

Reviews in Brief

ted photography isn't the only coloring applied to the yflower" saga in **PLYMOUTH ADVENTURE.** Historiaccuracy aside, it is an interesting study of an intrepid ıp which conquered forbidding obstacles to start life anew n unknown land. Principal attention is focused on the ı, cynical figure of the "Mayflower's" skipper, who des his human cargo and the dream they hold. He makes exception for the wife of the dedicated Pilgrim leader. three-cornered clash, and the ripening romance of a ıg pair named John Alden and Priscilla Mullin, comprise routine love interest. For the rest it is an exciting struggle survival against the sea and man's own inhumanity, culating in a victory over the first harsh winter at Plymouth. xcellent photography highlights the sea scenes which mes become terrifyingly real. The acting is competent, ıgh not outstanding. Spencer Tracy plays the Captain a familiar tight-lipped ferocity, Gene Tierney makes a listlessly beautiful heroine, and Leo Genn, her zealot husband. Van Johnson is properly shy as the young man who will one day need to be prodded into a proposal. Adults who like their historical documents with a dash of Hollywood Technicolor will find this satisfying. (M-G-M)

When Hollywood ventures far afield to produce a movie, and incidentally to thaw frozen funds, the result is often most interesting because of unusual locale and fine photography. **WAY OF A GAUCHO,** filmed in rugged *pampas* of Argentina, was not destined to be the exception. Primarily this is the story of a *gaucho's* resentment of the civilization that seeped into the gay, free, wild life of seventy-five years ago. He kills a man in an affair of *gaucho* honor, is sentenced to serve in the Army, deserts, takes a girl to join in an outlaw life, and eventually forsakes his erring ways and surrenders to the Army. Never convincing in its dramatic moments, this is dependent on the scenic value of the *pampas,* the foothills of the Andes, and scenes of life in the Argentine. Rory Calhoun, Gene Tierney, Hugh Marlowe, and a group of local players enact the adult narrative without conspicuous success. (20th Century-Fox)

COME BACK, LITTLE SHEBA is a fine showcase for the superior talent of Shirley Booth, one of the theater's foremost actresses. However, its suitability as screen entertainment is sharply curtailed by unnecessary suggestiveness and some questionable moral values. Miss Booth is seen as the slovenly, memory-plagued wife of a reformed alcoholic, a role played with a lack of understanding or conviction by Burt Lancaster. The romantic didos of a young co-ed who rooms at the house and the emptiness of their own marriage send Lancaster off on a roaring spree which is ended by the arrival of two AA emissaries. Somehow, the powerful impact, the pathos, and the hopeful fadeout lose dimension and power in this transition to screen form, but Miss Booth's portrayal is brilliantly etched. (Paramount)

It isn't quite clear whether Roberto Rossellini intended his **FLOWERS OF ST. FRANCIS** is a tribute or a travesty. Although the film was produced with the approval of the General of the Franciscan Order and features members of the Nocere Inferiore Monastery, this series of episodes from the life of St. Francis is markedly inferior. A collection of anecdotes rather than a chronological story, it is concerned mainly with the establishment of the little chapel in the Umbrian Valley town of Assisi. Essentially, as any story of St. Francis must be, this is a gentle portrait based on material in *Flowers of St. Francis,* an anthology of vignettes about the great saint and his first disciples. There is poetry, rather than drama, in Rossellini's production, but there is also an unpleasant suspicion that cannot be dismissed even after a second viewing. Perhaps it is merely a hangover from *The Miracle.* (Joseph Burstyn)

THE RAIDERS is a trim Western charade, adult in tone, and crammed with tense action scenes. Claim-jumping in the days of the California gold rush supplies the basis of the plot and a capable cast including Richard Conte, Viveca Lindfors, Barbara Britton, Richard Martin, and Hugh O'Brian gives an additional boost to a well-knit, fast-paced Technicolor flashback to the pioneer saga. (Universal-International)

The flamboyant, swashbuckling **PRISONER OF ZENDA** is back on the screen for the fourth time. Anthony Hope's durable novel of mythical kingdom treachery and heroism has been framed in rich, eye-filling Technicolor, performed by a strong cast and directed with a rousing appreciation of the costume-adventure technique. Stewart Granger does double duty in this masquerade as an English tourist forced to impersonate the missing King of Ruritania. Deborah Kerr, James Mason, Louis Calhern, Jane Greer, Lewis Stone, and Robert Douglas round out an able cast in this dashing mixture of romance, derring-do, and political intrigue. Familiar, but entertaining. (M-G-M)

Tyrone Power has his best assignment in some years as a Canadian Mounted Police constable in **PONY SOLDIER**, an actionful story concerned with a band of warlike Indians who cross the border into Montana and wage indiscriminate warfare against whites and Indians. Some of the battle scenes have been expertly devised and there is considerable interest aroused in Power's attempt to get the marauders back to their Canadian reservation. Though not usually at his best in such roles, Power makes this one credible with a performance to equal his previous best effort. Cameron Mitchell is also fine as the leader of the warlike Indians. (20th Century-Fox)

Loretta Young surmounts several script clichés to make the overly sentimentalized, **BECAUSE OF YOU**, occasionally

★ ***Impersonating the King, Stewart Granger courts lovely Deborah Kerr, in "The Prisoner of Zenda"***

appealing and believable. Though the plot adheres to the radio soap-opera formula a bit too closely for comfort, there are moments when it becomes a strong emotional drama. As a girl who spends years living down an unsavory episode in her past, Miss Young is properly sincere. Jeff Chandler, Frances Dee, and Alex Nichol complement her performance with deft acting of their own. Though this does drip with sentiment at times, it never descends to the maudlin or the ridiculous. (Universal-International)

The New Plays

The Ingrid Bergman-Roberto Rossellini *cause célèbre* is the motivation for **IN ANY LANGUAGE**, a comedy that manages to be funny on rare occasions. Uta Hagen is the star of this trite, synthetic farce about a Hollywood star who goes to Italy in hopes of reviving her career. There she meets a director who would rather marry her than have her in his pictures. After some highly unfunny scampering she does neither, preferring a reunion with the husband she had cast aside. This doesn't possess even the saving grace of a good performance.

Despite the advance publicity and the enthusiastic report received from its London supporters, **THE MILLIONAIRESS** is both dull and unpleasant. George Bernard Shaw supplies the boredom in his writing, and Katharine Hepburn is responsible for the irritation with a raucous, monotonous, and rather amateurish performance. Shaw has been better and Miss Hepburn has been worse in the past. Combined, they manage an evening that is neither mentally stimulating nor generally entertaining.

GBS wrote here under the mistaken notion that he was

viding posterity with a powerful social document. But he brought forth a mouse, a weak and unconvincing diatribe on the subject of great wealth and its effect on human character. Unfortunately, he is merely tiresome and puerile most of the time.

A better actress than Miss Hepburn might have approached the role with an understanding of what could be done with it. Instead she plays a coarse vulgarian much the same as it was written. For wit and intelligence, she substitutes sound and fury. In place of charm she injects a hysterousness that defies proper description. Acrobatic and herbic, she fails an author who needs concrete assistance from his players. Cyril Ritchard is the most convincing member of a cast that never quite overcomes the opposition of either Shaw or Hepburn.

AN EVENING WITH BEATRICE LILLIE is a gambol with the lively lady from Piccadilly, ribald and refined by turn, and always in the inimitable Lillie style. A collection of the sketches and songs she has done over the years, the performance is an undeniable success for those who enjoy Lady Peel's unique style of comedy and her ingenious song delivery. One or two numbers might well have been omitted without any particular harm to the overall effect. Teamed with the star is Reginald Gardiner, an entertainer of considerable versatility and suavity, who adds much to the fun of this divertissement. The piano team of Eadie and Rack provide a first-rate keyboard accompaniment to an intimate session with two brilliant satirists.

in which the protagonists bare their souls with a psychopathic ruthlessness. Only the very fine work of its star holds this tenuous and tedious comedy together.

Mary Chase is proving again that she is a gifted playwright and just about the most refreshing talent the theater has heard from in many years. The author of *Harvey* and *Mrs. McThing* has another genuine hit on her hands with **BERNADINE,** in which her keen insight and gifted pen make you forget that this opus lacks many of the requisites for a successful play. To begin with, it is off to a slow start in detailing the woes and problems of some high school boys in a Western town. They are thrashing about in the tribulations of adolescence, and for a time, seem headed in the direction of outright delinquency. They skim through and leave their problems and their hangout to another "gang," as they go off to man's estate and to war.

I would like to have seen a sense of spiritual awareness in Mrs. Chase's script. It would have helped immeasurably in those grimy hours when the boys felt they had to "prove themselves" by hotel lobby pickups. Johnny Stewart and John Kerr are splended as a restless teen-ager and the "smooth operator" he admires. Mrs. Chase is penetrating in her analysis of a younger generation, less than completely satisfying in offering advice this time.

Playguide

FOR THE FAMILY: *Mrs. McThing*

FOR ADULTS: *The King and I; Mr. Pickwick (On Tour); Oklahoma*

★ ***Loretta Young makes her regular visit to her parole officer in this scene from "Because of You"***

★ ***Canadian Mountie Tyrone Power finds at least one friend among the warlike Indians in "Pony Soldier"***

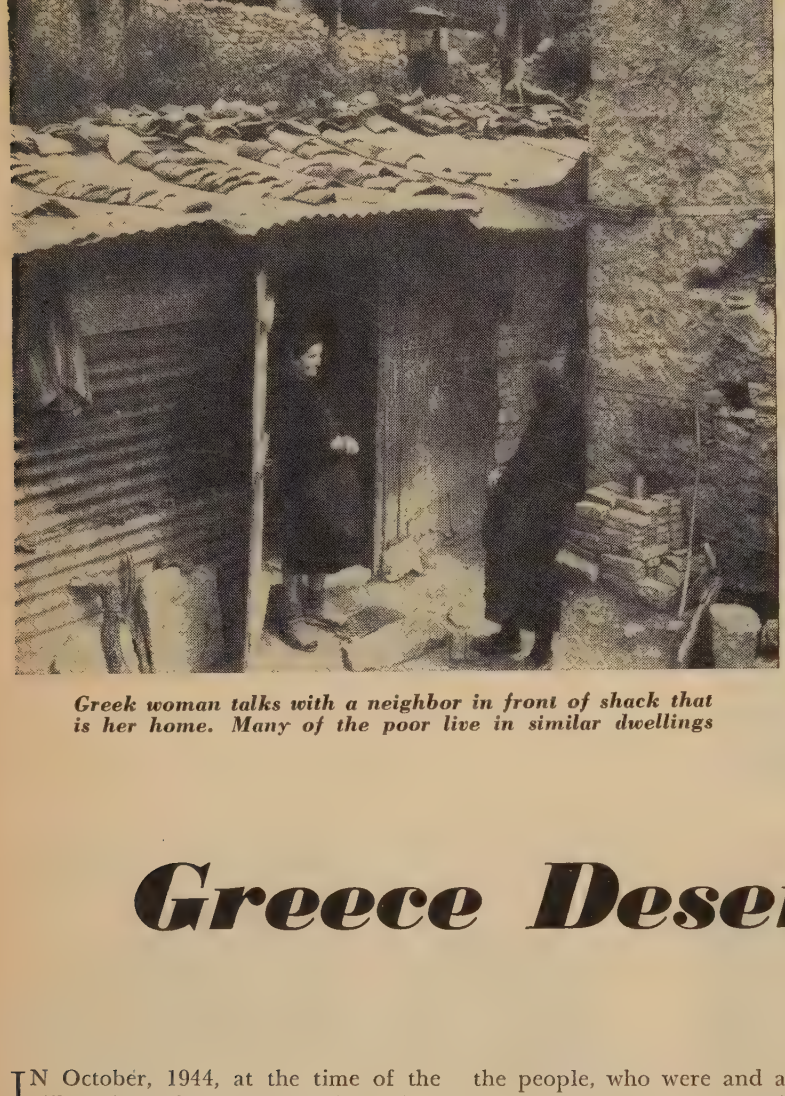
Shirley Booth's artless and sincere portrayal transforms her tasteless whirl in Italy (a favored spot with this season's playwrights) into a passably interesting evening. **THE TIME OF THE CUCKOO,** by Arthur Laurents, is a singularly unattractive comedy-drama built around the transients in a Venetian *pensione,* American tourists spending their hours and dollars in frantic pursuit of culture and/or romance. In the latter group is the spinster secretary, played by Miss Booth. "Romance" comes to her at last, the proprietor of a gift shop who has a suave approach and a large family at home. When our affection-hungry spinster learns about the latter, she is momentarily deterred—but not for long. The play hits bottom in its moral philosophy and will certainly not prove very attractive to those who abhor sessions

PARTLY OBJECTIONABLE: *The Millionairess; Bernadine; Point of No Return; An Evening with Beatrice Lillie; Guys and Dolls; The Four Poster; In Any Language; Wish You Were Here; The Moon is Blue; The Male Animal*

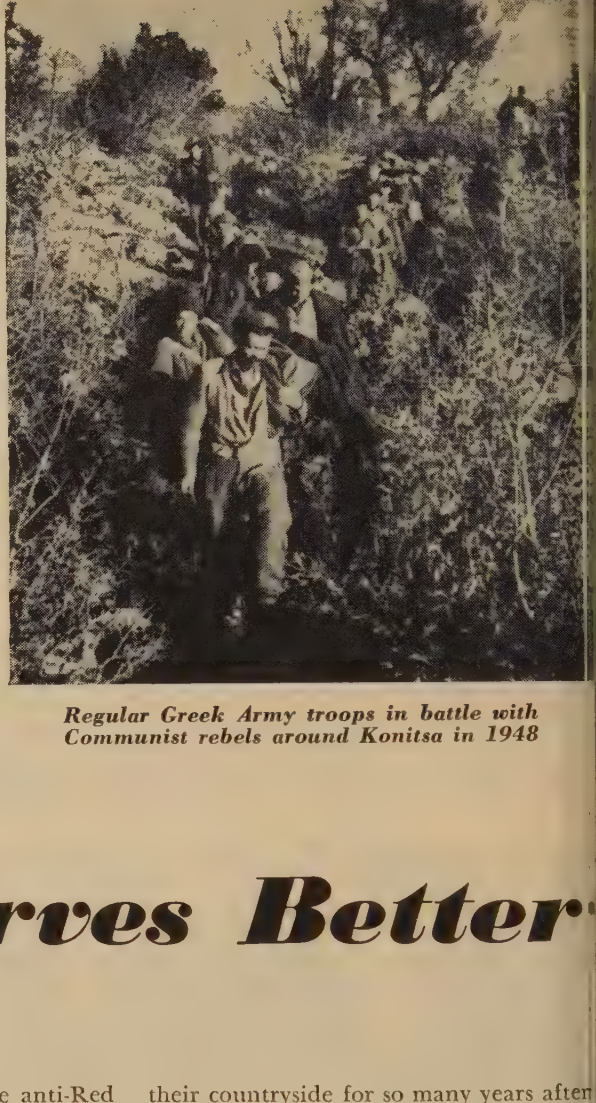
(On Tour) Top Banana; Stalag 17; South Pacific; The Shrike; Country Girl; Paint Your Wagon; Gigi; Jane; Gentlemen Prefer Blondes; Paris 90; Bell, Book and Candle; Call Me Madam

COMPLETELY OBJECTIONABLE: *Pal Joey; Time of The Cuckoo*

(On Tour) Mister Roberts; I am a Camera; A Tree Grows in Brooklyn; Good Night Ladies; The Constant Wife



Greek woman talks with a neighbor in front of shack that is her home. Many of the poor live in similar dwellings



Regular Greek Army troops in battle with Communist rebels around Konitsa in 1948

Greece Deserves Better

IN October, 1944, at the time of the liberation of Greece by the Allies, the Greek Reds were strong enough to seize power and transform their country into another East European Communist satellite. That they failed to do so is another matter, but it is recognized that the Reds, through their wartime clandestine political organization, E. A. M., and its military adjunct E. L. A. S., then had the means to take over the Greek state just as they grabbed the Hungarian, Polish, Bulgarian, Yugoslav, and half a dozen other states in that unfortunate area of Europe. But the Greek Reds hesitated and then struck too late. Today Greece, the sole East European country to escape Bolshevism's clutches, is a free and important ally of the democratic West.

The story of how Greece escaped the fate of her neighbors is a dramatic one which has supplied newspaper headlines for the past eight years as the tough Greek Army cleared the Communist guerrillas from one rocky mountain retreat after another. Of course, even when the Reds had the strength to take Greece over, they were not representative of the people, who were and are anti-Red by a great majority. But the fact that they are a minority and are hated by the people they scheme to rule has never embarrassed Communists in their mad drive for power. What stopped them in Greece in 1944 was the presence of British troops, and what stopped them after the British military withdrew was American aid to the Greek Army and American loans and support for the Greek people and their government.

Today Greece is a responsible member of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization. The excellent nine division American- and battle-trained Greek Army, in co-operation with the Turkish Army, holds the southeastern right flank of the NATO defense line and constitutes an excellent reason for Stalin to think twice before launching his troops in a drive to achieve the age-old Russian ambition of expanding to the shores of the Eastern Mediterranean.

The contrast between 1944 and now is like the difference between night and day, thanks to the dogged persistence of the Greeks in rooting out the Communist guerrilla bands which harassed their countryside for so many years after the war, and thanks to the unselfish military and economic aid poured into the country by the United States. It is possible to walk in Athens today without having to dodge the bullets of Red assassins; it is possible to take the train from Athens to Salonika and count on a safe arrival at the scheduled time.

So much has been accomplished in Greece in these past eight years by a people and a government determined to make good the terrible losses of the war years, that an American observer revisiting the country after a six-year absence is reluctant to do anything but praise. Although the material base of the Greek recovery is generous American help, it must never be forgotten that the Greek people themselves were the ones who fought and died to end the Communist menace and toiled and struggled to rebuild their shattered economy.

It would be doing a poor service to the valiant Greeks themselves, however, to ignore the fact that conditions today are quite the opposite of good. The Communist menace has been driven out of the land but the peril still lurks over

The wars (World War II and the Communist uprising in Greece) caused damage that's still being repaired

United Press Photos

This woman, hand twisting yarn while carrying load of fodder, illustrates state of peasants

lagued by poverty and unemployment, the Greek eople still managed to fight off the Communist menace. Whether ey would be able to win another round is questionable

by ***ROBERT MEYER***

e Bulgarian border where the van-ished Red guerrillas took refuge with eir Cominform brethren. Moscow still s the power to reinforce and send ese Red hordes back into the Greek ls to renew the cruel struggle.

Whether Greece will be turned into other Korea depends on Moscow's lgment of the chances of success for a ond round. And Communist success pends to a great extent on whether or t the people it proposes to conquer e satisfied with their living and work-g conditions. It would be a disservice th to the democratic cause in general d to the Greek people in particular say that they are satisfied with their ing and working conditions today or report that their morale is good.

The icy fingers of poverty have apped themselves about their lives so it today the energetic, hard-working eeks are choking under the nagging essure of unemployment on the one e and long hours of toil for wages rely sufficient to keep them alive on e other side. And while the great ma-rity are so impoverished that they ve neither enough to eat or enough to wear, they see right in their midst a tiny, unprincipled group of greedy rich who are ruthlessly and selfishly milking the country's economy. Doing it without giving a thought to the needs and the wishes of the workers and farmers, without giving a thought to the fact that the workers and the farmers are expected to supply the troops to put down a second Communist attempt.

Greece's war-caused losses were extremely heavy. A United Nations investigating committee calculated that one-third of the country's villages were destroyed in the fighting. The Corinth Canal, a principal artery of freight and passenger traffic which cut shipping time from Greek ports, was blocked while the main commercial harbors, Salonika and Piraeus, were wrecked. Most of the railroad bridges and tunnels were destroyed and the railroads themselves lost most of their engines and rolling stock and great sections of track. Greek agriculture is not mechanized and suffered fearfully from the loss of more than half its beasts of burden. One-third of the country's cattle and four-fifths of its pigs disappeared. In addition two million precious olive trees, three million fruit trees, and 60,000 acres of vineyards were uprooted and completely destroyed. Besides all this, when the war was over it was found that the Nazis had drained the country of all its foodstocks, portable machinery, and warehouse supplies in exchange for promises to pay which, of course, were not honored after the Hitler regime was swept away.

It is no wonder that the desperately wounded Greek economy has had such an arduous struggle to return to something like normal, especially since the war was followed by bloody civil conflict with the Communists instead of peace. But other European countries have recovered to a greater extent than Greece. What is retarding Greek recovery is a violent attack of a chronic European disease: the callous indifference of a small, wealthy, and powerful section of the population to the welfare of the whole people. The injury wrought by this indifference is exhibited by industrial statistics which show that factories devoted to production for the luxury trade are working at greater than pre-war standards while factories producing

utility goods and defense necessities are working at a fraction of the prewar norms.

The recalcitrant section of the population is composed of a tiny group of bankers, shipowners, and industrialists who are not so much endeavoring to profit from their fellow countrymen's misery as they are simply ignoring it in drawing up their production blueprints. Thus in Athens or Salonika you can see the anomalous picture of a favored few riding about in chauffeured limousines and living in veritable palaces while the great mass of the people are hungry and in rags and dwell in miserable hovels. A few selfish industrialists are able to count their profits in millions while skilled workers are earning the equivalent of a dollar a day to feed, clothe, and house themselves and their families.

A good example of the selfish unconcern of the wealthy classes for the needs of the poor is their handling of the Greek merchant marine. Much of this merchant marine was destroyed during the war. Later the Greek government and private shipping agencies received generous American loans to buy new ships and refurbish the old ones which were still seaworthy. Our purpose was to give the Greeks the opportunity to rebuild an industry which has traditionally brought the country much of the foreign exchange it requires to buy abroad those commodities which cannot be produced at home. But many of the Greek shipowners, although keeping within the letter of the law, have evaded their responsibilities by the simple subterfuge of registering their new vessels under foreign flags in order to hoard their profits abroad in the form of gold or dollars. The Greek people as a whole have no share in the benefits of the American loan.

THE result of this and other sly tricks is that many Greeks have no direct interest in maintaining their country's independence. If the Communists were to take over tomorrow, the position of the average worker or farmer could hardly be much worse than it is today. It is a great tribute to the patriotism and intelligence of the average Greek that nevertheless he is still ready to fight to the death against a renewed Communist assault.

A carpenter in Salonika told me that he works six days a week at his skilled occupation and cannot earn enough to buy meat for his family even once a month. His companion, a watchmaker, said that if free migration were possible Greece would be left bare of farmers and workers overnight because people of his class had lost faith in the future of the country and, after years of constant disappointment, had come to believe that their lot would never improve.

I can readily understand the dreadful position of Greek workers and middle-class people, because my own experience in Athens and Salonika was that Greek prices are higher than anywhere else in Western Europe or the Americas. Breakfast in Athens, consisting of weak tea and ridiculously tiny portions of rancid butter and gelatin-amplified jam, together with a single inferior roll, cost the equivalent of eighty cents. A glass of diluted lemonade in an ordinary cafe was about forty-five cents.

I want to emphasize that none of the Greek workers who bitterly lamented their fate when I spoke to them were Communists or even mild Socialists. There are many radicals in Greece, of course, but in compiling the material for this article I purposely ignored their complaints. My description of conditions is based upon interviews with men and women who sincerely believe in the same sort of economic system we have in the United States. They look forward to the promise of America, where many of them have friends and relatives, and turn their backs on the blandishments of Soviet Russia. Their complaint is not against the economic system of free enterprise as we know it in the United States. It is that under the rules of the system, as it is now practiced in Greece, the farmer, the worker, the professional, or the small businessman hasn't the ghost of a chance either to improve his lot or, indeed, to live a modestly happy and secure life with his family.

• In free countries, justice is dispensed with mercy; in the satellite countries, justice is dispensed with.
—Kiwanis Magazine

Greek industrialists, although many of them have secured juicy loans from American sources to rebuild their businesses, still believe in the outmoded and un-American notion that workers' wages should be held to a pittance.

These same backward-looking industrialists are guilty of every possible subterfuge to avoid paying their proper share of taxes. Neither the worker nor the farmer can escape payment of *his* taxes because these are levied directly on such necessities as bread, cigarettes, wine, olive oil, and even home occupancy, but the rich man all too often succeeds in smuggling his profits abroad where they are beyond the reach of the income tax collector. Tax evasion means that the treasury is always bare and, consequently, civil service employees, policemen, and soldiers are paid starva tion wages. To add to the discomfor of the workers, wages have been froze at the level they were at several year ago—although subsequent inflation ha driven prices sky high—but no ceilin has been placed on business and bank ing profits. For instance, in 1948, oliv oil, a cooking necessity for every Gree family, was 6000 drachmae (forty cents) for one quart. Today it is 27,00 drachmae ($1.80) for the same quantity

ONE of the worst features of the sit uation in Greece is the defeatis attitude of the very classes of societ who could do most to remedy matter the industrialists and the bankers. Man of them take a hasty glance around an say: "Yes, conditions are bad. But it not our fault. The Americans came her to help us. Why don't *they* save th country?" But these same people de test the Americans who are there to hel and they use every possible means, fai or foul, to thwart our best efforts. Whe ever an American adviser suggests som fair measure of reform, these are th people who scream bloody murder an shout that "the Americans are ruinin the country and giving the lower classe 'uppitty' notions."

It is true that the second World Wa and the subsequent civil war added im measurable difficulties to Greece's trou bles, but it is just as true that the roo of these troubles are buried in the hope lessly unfair and antiquated social an economic system surviving from the pas The brave Greeks deserve a better fat than a life of outrageous, never-endin poverty after all their self-immolatin efforts to defeat Communism. The Gree war against Communist conquest wa fought on behalf of all free mankin To say the least, it is unfair that the on small Eastern European people to resis the Communist avalanche and wi should be forced to live under economi and social conditions so terrible tha Communism itself could not be ver much worse.

All friends of the democratic way o life recognize that Greece has endure much for its decision to line up wit the free world. Even now the Gree contribution to the West is a very grea one. The Greek Army adds substantia strength to the free world. Indeed th Greek defense contribution is greate than that of France by measure of actua front-line troops under arms. It neither smart nor fair to expect the pa tient Greek people to carry such a bur den on one slender shoulder while o the other they are forced to carry th even greater burden of a cruel and one sided economy which is weighted i favor of a few selfish rich people again the interests of the nation as a whole.

THE Sign POST

by ALOYSIUS McDONOUGH, C.P.

nfession After Baptism

buy "The Sign" occasionally because it is irritatingly ifferent. In the case of a convert, why is confession neces- ary immediately after baptism? It doesn't seem logical, ith baptism clearing the soul of all stain of sin.—M. C., HILADELPHIA, PA.

nfession is not always required as a supplement to a vert's baptism. If it is certain that a convert was never otized validly, then his Catholic baptism is bestowed un- ditionally and cleanses the soul from all sin—both orig- l and personal or actual.

f there is doubt as to the fact or validity of a previous otism, it is necessary to baptize the Catholic convert con- onally, "for safety's sake." In any such case of conditional otism, either of two situations exist. If a previous baptism l been valid, then confession is in order for the remission sins committed since that baptism. If there had been previous valid baptism, then confession is not necessary, since that question of fact is unanswerable, confession n order—again "for safety's sake."

deviled, or Not?

l friend, once a Catholic, now a Lutheran, maintains hat any such thing as a human being possessed by a devil s mere superstition.—F. R., PITTSBURGH, PA.

ere is a good deal of practical psychology packed into the e-honored expression: "The wish can be father to the ught." Perhaps your friend, the lapsed Catholic who d not have left the Church in order to marry a Lutheran, opeful that there are no evil and hostile spirits who may e seduced her to become a renegade to her faith.

rom the first to the last page of the Scriptures, it is ious that creatures exist who are far superior to men. ey are often called angels because it is their normal func- n to be messengers of God. It is their nature to be er spirits, all intellect and will, unhampered by bodies. creatures of the spirit world were created good, but ie of them lapsed in their loyalty to the Almighty. "In angels He found wickedness." (Job 4:18) He said . . .; saw Satan like lightning falling from heaven." (Luke 18) The angel spirits who became renegade toward God ame hostile to us. "By the envy of the devil, death came o the world." (Wisdom 2:24) "Be sober and watch, be- se your adversary, the devil, like a roaring lion, goeth ut seeking whom he may devour." (1 Peter 5:8) ". . . e temptations and other allied annoyances attributable evil spirits are known as "obsession." But diabolical ssession" is far worse, and nonetheless real because it diminished in ratio to the influence of Christianity.

When a person has been taken possession of by a devil, evil spirit makes use of that person's limbs, of his organs sight, hearing, speech, and so on, somewhat after the nner of a ventriloquist manipulating a dummy, but in such a way as to torment the person afflicted and to terrorize all who witness the goings-on. "They presented to Him all sick people and such as were possessed by devils." (Matt.: 4:24) "They brought to Him many that were possessed with devils: and He cast out the spirits with His word." (8:16) Read the same chapter of St. Matthew from the twenty-eighth verse onward.

Referring to domination by evil spirits, the Founder of Christianity declared that it cannot be coped with "but by prayer and fasting." Hence, the timeliness of the Church's crusade of prayer and penance. Even your friend will probably agree that Communism is so inhuman as to be diabolical.

Join Your CYO

Am planning to join the senior Hi-Y. Meetings are held in the town's YMCA. Two dollars will cover the use of a meeting room and other Y facilities. The president assures me the club has nothing whatever to do with religion. My parish priest objects that I'd be joining the Y and referred me to you.—E. M., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

As far back as 1920, the Sacred Congregation of the Holy Office issued an emphatic instruction to all Catholic bishops, urging vigilance lest Catholics identify themselves with the YMCA or the YWCA. The Hi-Y Clubs for boys and girls are, respectively, a junior YM and YW.

The Holy Office is a bureau presided over by the Vicar of Christ; its most important function is the protection of Catholic faith and morals. The instruction referred to above was issued under the saintly pontiff, Blessed Pius X, and is a practical application of Canon 684 of the Church's Code of Canon Law, which declares: "The faithful deserve praise when they join associations which have been founded or at least recommended by the Church. They should beware of associations which are secret, condemned, seditious, or suspected, and of those which strive to withdraw themselves from the legitimate supervision of the Church."

The gist of the warning from the Holy Office is as follows: Certain non-Catholic organizations are doing great harm, especially to Catholic youth, by drawing them away from the Faith under the pretext of affording them opportunities for physical culture and education. The inexperienced can easily be deceived by the fact that these associations have the moral and financial support of very respectable citizens and do very effective work in various fields of beneficence. However, their real nature is no longer doubtful. It is declared openly in their official publications. They aim to cultivate the character and improve the morals of youth, but with "perfect freedom of thought, dissociated from the control of any religious creed."

The papal document continues: It is especially young students of both sexes who are endangered. At first shaken in their traditional faith, they are led to hesitate between

various opinions, then brought to universal doubt, and finally induced to accept a vague sort of general religion—certainly far from that taught by Our Lord Jesus Christ. The greatest harm occurs among those whose home training in religion has been wanting. Among such associations, it will suffice to name one which is the parent of many others, very far-reaching and backed by immense resources, the YMCA, . . . favored by certain easy-going Catholics who are ignorant of its true nature. To conclude: Blessed Pius X urged all bishops to guard young people carefully from the contagion of such societies, to warn the unwary and to confirm those faltering in the Faith, to build up strong Catholic organizations for the young people of both sexes, and to call upon the wealthy of our Faith to help.

To be nonsectarian is to attempt or to pretend to be neutral. But, in the sphere of religion, a Catholic cannot be neutral. Officially, because of his definite religious convictions, a Catholic is ineligible for any executive office in the Y, and non-Protestant membership must not exceed 5 per cent. In religious matters, neutrality is, in some ways, worse than bigotry. But obviously, the Y is not even neutral. Nor is the Hi-Y, for among its publications are *Devotions for Youth, Young People's Prayers,* and *Jesus and a Boy's Philosophy of Life,*—all of which have a non-Catholic complexion.

To conclude: join your local CYO or some similar youth group. If there is no such club in your parish or neighborhood, ask your parish priest to organize one. The following is a list of societies for teen-agers, which provide, under Catholic auspices, all that a modern boy or girl may long for in the way of sports, social life, educational programs, hobbies, and the like: Boy Rangers, Catholic Order of Foresters, with headquarters at 30 N. La Salle St., Chicago 2, Ill.; Youth Movement, Catholic Central Verein of America, 3835 Westminster Pl., St. Louis 8, Mo.; Columbian Squires, Knights of Columbus, 45 Wall St., New Haven, Conn.; Boy Scouts of America—under Catholic leadership, 2 Park Ave., New York 16, N. Y.; Girl Scouts of America, 155 E. 44 St., New York 17, N. Y.; Junior Catholic Daughters of America, 10 W. 71 St., New York 23, N. Y.; Junior Daughters of Isabella, 375 Whitney Ave., New Haven 11, Conn. A clearinghouse for information as to the Catholic Youth Organization is The CYO Community Center, 1145 W. Vernon Park Pl., Chicago, Ill.

Wanted—Babies!

a) We have two children, both boys. We want a baby daughter more than I can say, but have been heartbreakingly disappointed with stillborn babies. In adopting an infant girl, do we take a chance on her character? Would there be a different feeling toward an adopted child?—W. F., CAMDEN, N. J.

b) I am a convert. My husband is a devout Catholic. We want a large family—I mean LARGE. We have a fine son to start with. In addition to our own, we would like to adopt some children. How should we go about it?—L. S., LARCHMONT, N. Y.

a) After so many years of endeavor and disappointment, you are especially entitled to the consolation of an adopted daughter. Assuming that the child you adopt is still an infant, you will run no risk as to her character. The tendencies that make up an individual's temperament can .be adequately modified by character, which is shaped by properly balanced education. Heredity is often overemphasized, whereas environment is the most influential factor.

Understandably, foster parents cannot be expected to feel exactly the same toward an adopted child as toward a child who is their very own. But in the vast majority of cases, the difference of attitude is negligible, for the simple reason that the paternal-maternal spirit motivating the adoption is so affectionate as to absorb all other considerations. As you have intimated, the love of yourself, your husband, and your sons will, in all reasonable probability, embrace the infant daughter providentially.

b) Prospective foster parents should apply to the diocesan office in charge of foundlings—in the Archdiocese of New York, to The New York Catholic Charities, Dept. of Child Care, 122 E. 22 St., New York 10, N. Y.

However, we incline to the opinion that the authorities will not, at least for the time being, encourage your application to adopt a child. We have studied your letter carefully. As devoted parents, you both qualify ideally. But your married life is only just underway. In all probability, you will have a numerous family of your own children. If so, the house you now own will soon be too small. Your husband's salary, even plus the expected increase, will be needed to provide for the offspring you hope for. You would be well advised to bank a reserve against the days of emergency that will occur in ratio to the number of your children. Prudence and foresight suggest that you "hasten slowly" in planning on the additional responsibility of adopted children.

King-Saint of England

Please settle a dispute. Is King Edward the Confessor, of England, a canonized saint? Am under the impression that neither he nor any other English monarch is listed as a saint.—A. D., PROVIDENCE, R. I.

The English king known as St. Edward the Confessor (1004-1066) was canonized in 1161 by Pope Alexander III. His feast day is observed on October 13. Also listed in the Roman Martyrology is his uncle, known as St. Edward the Martyr, murdered in 979 at the age of sixteen by his stepmother, who thus cleared the throne for her own son Ethelred.

Sin vs. Merit

What is the value of prayer while in the state of mortal sin? Even though one cannot benefit one's self, what about prayers for peace, for the Poor Souls, etc.? If mortal sin be committed during a novena, is it automatically broken?—M. O'M., TOMAH, WIS.

Under requisite conditions, prayer is one of countless good works by which we can merit the blessings of God, both for ourselves and for others. In order that we be entitled to any claim upon God as "a rewarder to them that seek Him," it is necessary not only that we do something commendable freely, and out of regard for God, but also that we undergo or accomplish it while in the state of grace. We could never hope to merit any supernatural reward, were it not for the gratuitous liberality of God, who transforms the dignity and "earning potential" of the human soul by sharing with us His grace. But a person whose soul is bereft of grace is "dis-graced" before God and is in no position to expect the recognition and reward based on merit. "As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, unless it abide in the vine, so neither can you unless you abide in me." (John 15:4) All for merit gained in the past, it is lost when a soul lapses into the state of mortal sin. "If the just man turn himself away from his justice and do iniquity . . . all his justice which he hath done shall not be remembered." (Ezechiel 18:24)

For the reasons outlined above, it is obvious that a person who is not acceptable to God is in no position to influence God in behalf of others. Whether or not a novena would be broken would depend upon how long a person remained in the state of mortal sin. The continuity of a broken novena would be restored by confession, or by perfect contrition coupled with the intention of prompt recourse to

sacrament of penance. As soon as sanctifying grace is ined, previous merits revive, for the impediment of tal sin is eliminated. In the meantime, however, a er's prayers are not without benefit to himself—he can God's forgiveness, he can pray in a spirit of expiation, an petition the mercy of God for the grace of recovery. congruous that a penitent sinner merit this grace, for t My will that a sinner should die, saith the Lord God, not that he should be converted from his ways, and " (Ezechiel 18:23)

is one of the most consoling doctrines of the Catholic h that, by their good works, the just merit an increase and now in the grace of God, as well as eternal life a proportionate share of heaven. This doctrine is d officially by the Council of Trent, echoing and hasizing the assurances that abound in Revelation. "Be and rejoice, for your reward is very great in heaven." tt. 5:12) "Do not, therefore, lose your confidence, which a great reward. Patience is necessary for you that, g the will of God, you may receive the promise." brews 10:35, 36) We conclude with those words of Apostle which remind us that we can make everything it for the everlasting future by way of merit here now: "Therefore, whether you eat or drink, or whatever else you do, do all to the glory of God." (1 Cor. 1)

ea?"

ease explain the meaning of "Raca" as recorded in the ospel of St. Matthew. (5:22)—M. O., ELIZABETH, N. J.

ull, the text in question runs as follows: "I say to that whosoever is angry with his brother shall be in ger of the judgment. And whosoever shall say to his her, Raca, shall be in danger of the council. And whoer shall say, thou fool, shall be in danger of hell fire." eneral, Our Lord inveighed against sinful attitudes and essions toward one's neighbor, involving especially ise anger, hatred, and contempt. Among the Jews of time, "judgment" was a lesser, local tribunal. The ncil" was the highest court or Sanhedrin, made up of nty-two judges and located at Jerusalem. The term is Aramaic and connotes the idea of being worthless, l-for-nothing, and is so charged with utter contempt as ave been strictly prohibited. The term "fool" (or ndrel), when voiced in a spirit of malice or spite, was idered the last word in abusive language. Our Lord just reminded His hearers of the worst possible violaof the Fifth Commandment and, in the verse you ire about, He dwelt emphatically upon the attitudes h can easily culminate in that violation.

What?"

ow about the claim of Rabbi Bernstein? In his book, What the Jews Believe," he says: "It can be correctly ated that there is not a single reference to Jesus in any isting Jewish document of his time." At the time of its blication, his statement was very much played up by e secular press.—F. D., ROCHESTER, N. Y.

of all, we must bear in mind that, at the time of st's mortal career on this earth, there was no public such as we take for granted, whether monthly, weekly, ily—with extras to cover feature news. Books and docuts of any type were rare, as were authors. Still more were those who could read.

nong the very few writers who were contemporaries of Lord, Seneca was a Roman historian and playwright, another Roman. Philo the Jew was a so-called philoso-, not a historian. Usually, a generation is computed thirty-year period. Within a generation of the times of Christ, we have Tacitus, the Roman historian, and Plutarch, the Greek. As for Josephus, the Jewish historian, nothing can be argued from his silence as to Christ, for he was the ancient equivalent of a quisling, catering as he did to the Roman occupation forces and covering up such diplomatic clumsiness as that of Pontius Pilate.

The twenty-seven Books of the New Testament, considered simply as historical records and written by contemporaries, most of whom had witnessed personally the words and deeds of Christ, the Rabbi rejects, inasmuch as authored by Jews who had become Christians. Their conversion to Christianity cannot undo their Jewish origin and upbringing or their intimate knowledge of Christ and His Jewish persecutors. The historical reliability of the New Testament is too thoroughly established by all Christian scholars—Catholic and non-Catholic alike—to become wobbly now because of the slanted writing of a "defense attorney" who argues for the Jews who rejected the Messias as they found Him.

Church Patrons

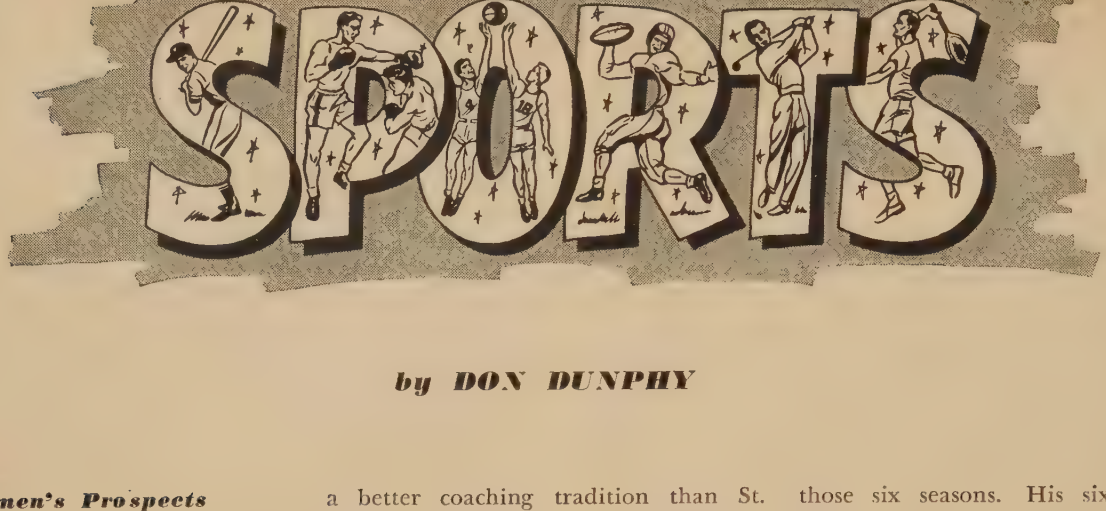
How much time must elapse before a church can be named in honor of a newly canonized saint? Have looked in vain for a church dedicated to St. Joan of Arc.—A. B., YORK, PA.

According to Church law, every church should be dedicated, either by consecration or at least by solemn blessing, and should have its own title. (Canon 1168) Divine worship may not be held in a church until it has been dedicated. Churches built of wood or metal may be blessed, but for the more solemn dedication known as consecration, the edifice must be built of stone, brick, or cement. Whether consecrated or merely blessed, a church may not be dedicated to one who is only beatified, without a special indult of the Holy See. Nor may a beatified be chosen, ordinarily, as patron of a diocese, a nation, or the like, nor may his relics be enshrined for public veneration. Once a beatified person is canonized, the restrictions just enumerated no longer hold. There is a church dedicated to St. Joan of Arc in your diocese—at Hershey, Dauphin Co., Pa.

Paradise—Past and Future

Is there any contradiction between the promise of Our Lord to the Good Thief that he would be with Him in paradise "this day," and the declaration of the Apostles' Creed that Our Lord did not arise until "the third day"? —H. M., NEW YORK, N. Y.

No, because Our Lord spent the time intervening between His death and resurrection in Limbo as a temporary paradise. The words of the Creed, "He descended into hell," signify that He went to "the Limbo of the Fathers," or the place referred to previously by Our Lord as "Abraham's Bosom"—the temporary abode of all the just of Old Testament times. To the point: "The soul of Christ after His death descended to this 'hell' and announced to the pious souls there the good news of their redemption and their proximate admission into heaven. (1 Peter 3:19) At the same time, He blessed them with His presence and thus made this place into a temporary paradise. (Luke 23:43)" (Steinmueller, in *Catholic Biblical Encyclopedia*) Thus the Good Thief began the enjoyment of paradise on "this day;" that enjoyment was increased upon his entry to the place and state which is our permanent heaven; his enjoyment will have its climax on the occasion of the general judgment, because of the resurrection of his body and its reunion with his soul. Limbo no longer exists, since the ascension of Our Lord to heaven. With the exception of Our Lord Himself, His Mother who was assumed to heaven body and soul, and the angels, heaven is incomplete—to a secondary extent—until the reunion of human souls and bodies.



by ***DON DUNPHY***

Redmen's Prospects

FOR the first time in many years, St. John's University of Brooklyn faces a basketball campaign with a great deal of doubt as to its ultimate outcome. The Redmen, unlike their baseball counterparts, the Dodgers, from the same great borough of Brooklyn, have seldom had to "wait until next year." For, with their fine cage teams, "next year" has usually been "this year."

Anyone who has followed basketball with even detached interest knows that St. John's quintets are usually ranked with the elite of the nation and are seldom lower than the top five. This season, however, there must be some question as to what lies ahead, particularly since the St. John's schedule as usual is loaded from start to finish with top-flight competition.

But it is not the schedule alone that raises doubt, for the Redmen have met and conquered tough schedules before. Now, however, the St. John's situation is complicated by the fact that Coach Frank McGuire suddenly resigned in August and was replaced by his capable assistant Al "Dusty" DeStefano of Richmond Hill, New York. This, on top of the graduation of Bob Zawoluk, Ronnie MacGilvray, and Jack McMahon, three of the finest operators in St. John's court history, has clouded the picture. Zawoluk, McMahon, and MacGilvray were key players for McGuire the past three seasons and were mainly responsible for the Redmen's fine record over that period.

Sizing up the coaching situation first, the general consensus is that in DeStefano, Walter McLaughlin, Director of Athletics, and the Board of Athletic Control, have made a splendid choice. As assistant to McGuire, Dusty was right on the scene and is well grounded in the superb coaching technique that made Frank one of the best known coaches in the country. As a matter of fact, no college in the land can boast a better coaching tradition than St. John's. The last three coaches have been tops. Buck Freeman, Joe Lapchick, and McGuire in that order, have given the Brooklyn school a quarter of a century of superb court mentoring.

DeStefano will have a tough time following in the footsteps of McGuire. But they said the same thing about Frank when he succeeded Lapchick, and about Joe when he followed Freeman. Success is always tough to follow in sport, but there is no law against it and there is no reason why Dusty shouldn't bring out the best in the Redmen material as others did before him.

The popular new coach of basketball at St. John's advances to the job after being assistant basketball and baseball coach there for the past six seasons, serving first under Joe Lapchick in 1946-47 and following that with a five-year stint as aide to McGuire. A basketball and baseball star during his undergraduate days, Dusty doubled as freshman coach in both sports during those six seasons. His six frosh and jayvee basketball teams won 100 out of 116 games for a winning percentage of .862, and his five frosh and jayvee baseball units won 31 out of 39 games for a percentage of .795. Incidentally, Dusty will be head coach of baseball as well as basketball.

Alfred (Dusty) DeStefano, the Redmen's new basketball coach

DeStefano will be assisted by Jack Kaiser, another former St. John's basketball and baseball luminary, who coached the Brooklyn Prep five last season. Kaiser played in the Eastern League with Albany, a Red Sox farm this past season, his third in professional baseball.

Getting around to St. John's prospects on the court this coming season, we note that nine lettermen, all except Zawoluk, McMahon, and MacGilvray, returned for drills which started November 1. The nine are Jim Davis, Solly Walker, Dick Duckett, Frank Giancontieri, Don Dunn, Jim Walsh, Phil Sagone, Carl Peterson, and Jim McMorrow. This gives DeStefano a talented, experienced group to work with. Naturally, any team would feel the loss of so great a trio as MacGilvray, McMahon, and Zawoluk, but added experience gained by the others should help.

Davis, a 6-7 junior, was a regular last year and was the team's fourth best scorer behind the big three. He'll be more on his own this year, and the chances are that the offense will be built around him.

Walker, another junior, who is 6-3, was a regular most of last year. He is rated as a high scorer and is a quick, agile rebounder.

Duckett, a sophomore, is six feet tall. Smart and aggressive, with a good shot, he figures in the starting lineup.

On the small side, he is 5-10, Frank Giancontieri was a dependable reserve the past two seasons and now, naturally, is in the running for a starting berth. He is fast, a good feeder, and a splendid floorman.

Another senior battling to make the rting array is Don Dunn 6-6 who was lelined by a stomach ailment the tter part of last season. A good re- under and a sterling shot from the vot, this improved player will win any a game for the Redmen.

Jim Walsh, a 6-5 junior, was at his st in the post season games last year d he figures to keep on improving. e is strong with quick hands.

Phil Sagone was a reserve last year t showed plenty of hustle and zip all e way. He is six feet tall.

Peterson is a junior who is 6-6 and ade the varsity late last year. Still in- perienced, he nevertheless has a good sortment of shots.

McMorrow is another junior who is 2 and is a good back court man and splendid playmaker.

In addition, several aspiring sopho- ores are expected to battle it out for sts on the squad. Most valuable ures to be Ed Cunningham, a trans- r student who was a teammate of vis at Manhattan Prep. He played the Manhattan-Bronx-Richmond am in the annual Herald-Tribune gh school all-star game in 1950.

The team should be able to take care itself despite its rugged schedule. It ures to be a well-rounded aggrega- n, able to cope with any situation at may arise. Just guessing at the obable starting lineup for the early ason clashes we'd say it figures to be n Davis and Solly Walker at the ward posts, Don Dunn at center, d Dick Duckett and Frank Giancon- ri at the guards.

The Redmen will play a 20-game edule with the opener of their 44th mpaign to be played against Roanoke llege on their home court at the Gray gymnasium, December 5th.

Included in the schedule will be three mes in the first annual Christmas rnament which will bring eight top ms into Madison Square Garden on cember 27, 29, and 30. The field this tournament includes 1952 Na- nal Invitation Champions, LaSalle, Paul, Cincinnati, Utah State, Miami Ohio, New York University, and anhattan.

All in all, it's a rugged schedule and rugged undertaking that Dusty De- fano is assuming, but we are sure t he and the Redmen will come ough with flying colors.

Columbia Lou

During the current football season ur correspondent happened to work the broadcast of the Columbia-Army tball game along with Bob Finnegan the American Broadcasting Com- ny. The game was a real thriller and ded in a 14-14 tie with the Light

Left, Lou Little, in his twenty-third year as coach of Columbia. He is interviewed, above, by THE SIGN'S sports writer, Don Dunphy

Blue of Columbia tying the score in the last fifteen seconds of play.

Thinking about the game later reminded us that we had never written about an old friend, Lou Little, the Lions' coach whom we have known and liked for a great many years.

There isn't much new one can write about Little, so much has been done and so often, so we thought we would touch on some of the highlights of his long and spectacular career as coach on Morningside Heights.

Did you know, by the way, that this season of 1952, marks Little's 23rd at Columbia, making him in point of continuous service at one institution, the dean of American football coaches?

During his 22 previous years at Columbia, Little's teams, usually undermanned, have had their ups and downs but they reached the heights on two notable occasions. The first was on January 1, 1934 in the Rose Bowl at Pasadena, California. This was the memorable day when Columbia played mighty Stanford in the New Year's classic. Ninety-nine per cent of the football experts were agreed that the Little Lions were being fed to the Indians, but Mr. Little disagreed. So did the Lions. When it was over the score read Columbia 7, Stanford 0, a prime upset of upsets in the Rose Bowl.

The other occasion was October 25, 1947. This was when Columbia came from behind to defeat mighty Army 21-20 and snap the Cadets' unbeaten string at 32 consecutive games.

But win or lose, Little has become an institution at Columbia. He is revered, not only for his recognized position as one of the top football strategists and teachers of all time, but also for his constant guidance of his players off the field. Lou's interest in his players has paid off—the football squad, as a group, invariably does better in its scholastic work than any other campus group, and the number of former Columbia players who are now doctors, lawyers, engineers, and teachers is legion.

Little was graduated from the University of Pennsylvania in 1920, after gaining national recognition as a tackle in 1916 and 1919. Between those years, he served with distinction as first a lieutenant and later a captain with the 6th Division in France in the first World War.

After a spell of professional football, Lou went to Georgetown University as head football coach and two years later he was appointed Director of Athletics. He held both of these positions until the fall of 1930 when he resigned to become coach at Columbia.

AT Columbia, Little has never had the avalanche of material that some coaches have been "blessed" with, yet his teams have won far more often than they have lost. But win, lose, or tie, his men have played smart, interesting football. The testimonial to the type of game played by Little's teams is the fact that there have been many losing seasons among the 23 Little has spent at Columbia but never once has there been an Alumni cry for Little's scalp. To the contrary, when rumors have arisen that Little might leave, the old grads rise almost to a man to urge him to stay. If you know big-time college football, you know this is rare praise indeed.

the Heart of

It would be untrue to say that Mrs. Bonville had left no family to mourn her passing, for there were children unnumbered on whom she had bestowed a mother's love and kindness. And young Joey Renault was only one of many who had worn a path to her door

Mrs. Bonville

by **ROBERT CORMIER**

ILLUSTRATED BY JOSEPH POLSINO

E didn't have a heart of gold. Gold, after all, is metal, radiating beauty fly by reflection.

rs. Bonville's heart was candle flame, n and vibrant, shedding light in ness. A small woman, she looked as strong wind would blow out the e and send her reeling down the t with the fallen leaves. But the e and fire that glowed within her never extinguished, even after she and was laid to rest, as they say, t. Jean's Cemetery.

ou describe her with literary images you can't really see her. Not unless have warmed yourself in her nen, sitting beside the black stove the wood fire burning inside. Not ss you have been fed cookies or nut d by her. Not unless you have seen tears gather in her eyes whenever heard that someone had gotten hurt ad died.

, even if she is dead and gone, ally she never died. Not that she performed any immortal deeds or ic acts. Just the little things: drying one's tears, a word of consolation, unting a funny story at the right nent. Little things.

he house she lived in on the corner Mechanic Street and Canadian nue is now occupied by a shoe-store ager, his wife, and three children. The old black stove, that asthmatic monster, is gone now. The furniture is modern, the old mahogany dining room set is gone. And there is a blank spot on the wall where a childish painting, a riot of hectic colors, once hung.

There is no longer the smell of camphor or peppermint in the house. Or the sweet-smelling soap she used to buy from the kids. That soap. She must have bought, during her lifetime, more soap than anyone else in Monument Park.

You see, there was this old fellow, Mr. Lucier, who came along Third Street every Thursday morning, a bag full of soap slung over his shoulder. He allowed the youngsters in the neighborhood to peddle the bars to housewives for a commission. If you sold a dime's worth, you received a penny commission. For twenty-five cents worth, the commission was two cents. No one ever sold more than a dime's worth, but a penny was something in those days.

Joey always headed for Mrs. Bonville's house, his pockets crammed with the colored, sweet-smelling soap. He would clatter up the stairs and pound on the door and she would peer through the latticed window, her old yellow shawl thrown over her shoulders. (She was always chilly, no matter what the season). Her red and green print dress would cling to her frail body. She didn't know much about style of dress, but she knew what a penny meant to a boy of twelve, and she always bought a bar or two of soap. No matter what the color or scent.

There should be a Mrs. Bonville in every youngster's life—particularly if he is like Joey, his parents dead, living with relatives—Uncle Octave and Aunt Jerlima—good people but not young enough in heart. There were some things his aunt and uncle could never understand. They couldn't understand that Joey couldn't get the words out when he wanted to speak, or say something.

Joey would walk along the streets of Monument Park on the way to school, the day's lessons racing through his mind, words neatly arranged and ready to be expressed. But in school, when he stood up to recite, he would feel the eyes of the pupils on him and see the nun behind the desk waiting, and he could not get the words expressed. They would stick inside, he would feel them in the top of his head. But he would stammer and stutter, until someone tittered, and the nun rapped on the desk with her blackboard pointer, and he would sit down.

It was the same way outside of school. Joey could run and jump and be a part

showed her the painting, and the woman inspected it carefully

TO A PILGRIM RETURNED

by LIAM BROPHY

Not from the web of traveller's tales you weave
Of flaring suns and palm-supported skies,
And mountain-snows that blush at each surprise
Of Adriatic dawn, and towns that heave
Ancestral heads, star-diadem'd, to cleave
The clouds o'er Umbria, and all that lies
Within Etruscan tombs, do I surmise
The things that I more readily believe.

There clings about you with an austere grace
A glory out of martyr-crowded days;
There is a graveness come into your face
As though your eyes had pierced our muddled maze
To look on Life, come lately from that Place
That is the meeting of all mortal ways.

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of the gang, but when it came time to speak, to utter, his tongue would falter —and he could feel himself becoming apart from the other kids. Sometimes, they didn't ask him to play blacksmith after school. And that was his favorite game.

But Mrs. Bonville could understand. Joey did most of her errands, and after the errands, he would sit with her on the piazza and eat the butter cookies, and the words came freely, without hesitation.

And she would sit there, old and frail, rocking in the ancient chair, telling Joey stories—about the men and women she had known in the old days,—and, strangely enough, they were always men and women who had courted and won success although it was necessary for them to overcome a handicap.

SHE told him of an artist she knew in Canada, a talented young man who lost his arm in an accident and went on to have his paintings hung in a museum in Montreal. And Joey would sit there listening, and his stuttering became a small thing in his eyes.

Perhaps it was the story or talent that had laid silent inside him, but Joey began painting. He developed a talent for capturing certain essentials of nature on sketching paper: the trees, billowy clouds, grass, and hills. He sketched idly in class sometimes, but he was never satisfied with drawings. He could never wait until he could apply color.

Color became his *forte*. With money saved from errands he had run for Mrs. Bonville, and scrap metal he had sold to the junkman, and soap he had sold for Mr. Lucier, he bought himself a water-color kit.

Outwardly, he was the same boy, uncertain in the classroom and stuttering. Outside of school, he was always the boy left over when sides were chosen for a baseball game. But alone in his room at home, with his brushes and paintings, he found that the stammering and the kids did not matter.

He would complete a painting—something in which he tried to catch the colors of late summer—and bring it to Mrs. Bonville. And the old woman would hold it up to the light, scrutinize it minutely with her sharp bird eyes, and murmur: "How nice, how wonderful, Joey. You'll make a real artist someday. Watch and see . . ."

Joey had been aware that, once a year, the town of Monument Park observed Art Week under sponsorship of the Monument Artists Association. Sister Angela announced in school one day that school children would be eligible to enter.

She explained the rules one day in school and Joey felt as if she were speaking to him alone: "Now, children, you may choose any subject you like and submit it to me. Then, we will choose one painting to represent the class and send it to the Artists Association. And they will pick out the winner among all the entries from school children . . ."

JOEY rushed out of school, filled with dreams and visions. The kids were playing in the schoolyard, but he didn't even notice them or hang around the edges of the yard. At home, he sat at the window, watching the miracle of springtime. Apple trees, heavy with blossoms, color stirring in the grass, the subtle haze of color that glowed over all of nature

He pulled his painting equipment o of the drawer and worked feverish He did not recognize delicate shadin the quality of shadows. He splash color in a merry riot on the paper a for a few moments he was one wi Michelangelo, El Greco, and all t others.

He could hardly wait to bring t painting to Sister Angela the next mon ing. Rain slanted down as he made l way to school. Passing by Mrs. Bo ville's house, he saw her at the windo He ran to the edge of the lawn a shouted to her: "I've got a painting f the contest, Mrs. Bonville." And s nodded and smiled at him.

HE held the painting careful pressed between the covers of loose-leaf binder so that the rain wou not spoil it. In the dimness of the co ridor, just before he entered the cla room, he drew it out for a moment a looked at it again. The riot of col danced before his eyes.

The classroom was empty of childr and Sister Angela sat at her desk, rea ing a prayerbook. Joey coughed, ten tively. She looked up: "Why, Joey, wh brings you to school so early?"

"Sister, I have a painting, for the co test . . ." He forgot to stutter.

"You're an artist, Joey?" the Sist asked. "Now, I'd never have thoug . . . Let me see it. . . ."

He drew the painting out and offer it to her. She looked at it for lo moments, while Joey stood there, ha hopeful. The teacher studied the pai ing before her, the clash of colors, t absence of perspective, the childish e forts at shading.

Although the Sister realized the i portance of the painting to the boy, s knew also that she must not give hi false hopes of winning the conte Something in the way he stood befo her, small and intense, made her jud the painting a moment longer.

But Joey, the way kids sometimes d could read the judgment in her ey "You don't like it, Sister? It's not good painting. . . ."

"Now, Joey, it . . . it shows promi There are certain things you mu master but, on the whole . . ."

But Joey had had his answer alread And there was nothing more to say ev though Sister tried to be kind and hel ful.

After most of the boys and girls in t class had submitted their painting the winner was selected. And, of cours it wasn't Joey. The pictures we

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ROBERT CORMIER writes a weekly column for the *Worcester* (Mass.) *Telegram*. Author of many stories published in these pages, Mr. Cormier is now working on a first novel.

ded back to the children and Joey
his and laid it carefully between
covers of the loose-leaf binder. He
n't want the other kids to see it, to
e them laugh.
Ie didn't hang around the schoolyard
r school. "I'm going home and throw
old colors and crayons away," he
ttered to himself.
Ie went along Mechanic Street and
he turned into his street, he heard
. Bonville calling to him. She wanted
to do an errand.
Ie did the errand—a half pound of
best hamburg at Pelletier's Meat
rket—and brought it back to her.
. Bonville noticed the boy's silence
preoccupation. Then, she saw the
e-leaf binder with the edges of a
nting sticking out.
he took her shawl and wrapped it
ut her shoulders more securely.
ey," she said, "I have a problem and
ant you to help me."
What's the matter, Mrs. Bonville?"
Well, I'll tell you. I'm an old
nan, Joey, and I don't go out much.
legs are getting worse and the chills
getting worse and I think that some
of these days, I won't be able to go
at all. But I always loved the out-
rs.
Now, look at the house, how drab,
drab it all is. Look in the dining
m there, the walls with those old
ures of dead people on them. What
ed is some color here, a painting of
e kind. Probably more than one.
Now, you've got some paintings,
en't you? I would like to buy some.
bably one to start with. Something
n Mother Nature in it. To bring the
ide world to me, here, inside the
se. What's that in the binder there?
."
oey shook his head. "Aw, you
ldn't want that, Mrs. Bonville.
t's just an old painting."
Now, now, let me see it."

EY showed her the painting and
he old woman inspected it. The
became interested. "I know there's
e things wrong in it. Maybe I can
e a better one later, if you want to
this one now."
Yes, I'll take this now. And I'll buy
r, let me see—two dollars, all right?"
Two dollars? For one of my paint-
? Gee, Mrs. Bonville . . ."
o the old lady bought the painting
hung it in the dining room after
ing down a photograph showing
e generations stiffly regarding a cam-
Whenever Joey came to the house,
always made it a point to mention
painting or to be sure that he saw
here. And later, she bought another
from him.
he did not buy any more from the

Joey splashed color in a merry riot on the paper

youthful artist though. Joey graduated from the eighth grade of St. Jean's Parochial School and when summer came, he forgot about the crayons and watercolors and sketchbooks. Strangely enough, his stuttering was not so pronounced and he found that he would rather throw a baseball than try to catch a few scenes of nature on paper.

Life goes on like that. The old lady sitting in the house, sending other children on her errands, buying soap from other boys and girls, feeding them innumerable butter cookies. And she watched Joey walking down the street, growing taller and straighter. And, one night, she wept a bit when she picked up the newspaper and read where Joseph Renault had been chosen valedictorian for his senior high school graduation class.

She died a few years later. Her funeral was one of the largest Monument Park had ever seen. Funny, a little old woman without any living relatives with such a large funeral.

And the people at her wake in Nourie's Funeral Parlor, most of them were strangely young. Joe Renault was there, with his wife, Irene. They made conversation with one of the old-timers of the town, Mr. LaFleur. They spoke of the old woman, recalling the events of the years.

"Notice how she dressed," Irene recalled. "That yellow shawl, the red and green dress. And she was as gay as the colors she wore . . ."

The talk went on like that, re-living the past, building the old woman an epitaph in conversation. Joe said: "I can remember when I was just a kid, what a great woman she was to me. There was this painting . . . looking back now I can see how terrible it must have been. But she bought it and hung it in the dining room and had to keep looking at it the rest of her life. . . ."

Irene said: "And remember the soap the kids sold her?"

"Funny thing about the soap," Mr. LaFleur said. "When she died, I went over to help straighten the place out. And in one of the cupboards, we found bar after bar of sweet-smelling soap. Must have been more than a hundred bars there.

"And, you know, she never used anything but that strong, brown soap herself, the kind you buy at Pelletier's Meat Market . . ."

So they laid her to rest in St. Jean's Cemetery—but actually she has never died.

The perennially popular Bing Crosby, shown here with his longtime friend and fellow actor, Bob Hope, did not achieve fame and fortune overnight

RADIO AND TELEVISION

by JOHN LESTER

Radio of the Future

Television has made such sensational strides in the metropolitan centers of this country that the impression has grown that radio is finished.

This is both true and false.

The radio we have known for the past twenty years, the big, star-system shows, will undoubtedly pass and, in fact, is fading even now, but the medium itself is still in its infancy.

Its real advancement is in the future, particularly outside the United States, where there are only about 120,000,000 radios as against 110,000,000 in this country alone.

Progress outside the U. S. will be in the form of expanding receiver sales, especially among the people of Asia, where radio is owned only by the rich.

In this country, there will be drastic programming changes, a concentration on music and news, and increased attention (advertising) to groups of citizens and others who speak one or more foreign languages, all to take place within the next ten years.

The real destiny of radio will not be fulfilled, however, until the final step of person-to-person communication is completed and until a radio is as much a part of a person as his watch or his wallet.

In this future era, each person will have his own "call letters" and a sending and receiving frequency, just as he now has a telephone number. Aided by a special, miniature transmitter-receiver about twice the size of a package of cigarettes, he will be able to communicate with anyone any place in the world. "And when there is no answer, it will mean the person being called is either dead or drunk."

The quotes are Gen. David Sarnoff's —the head of RCA-NBC—who predicts that such person-to-person communication, the real plenitude of radio, isn't many years away.

Bing Crosby's Ears

Bob Crosby, younger brother of the famous Bing, once remarked that "Bing never conscientiously went after glory. It came to him. He's the only guy I know who rolled uphill to success."

Well, it's a good quote, but a lot of people seem to remember otherwise, which brings us to one of my favorite Crosby stories: why Bing learned to wiggle his ears.

Some twenty-odd years ago, the CBS star was voted "the guy least likely to succeed" in the Paul Whiteman band. Broke and discouraged, Bing pulled every possible string, got a small break in radio and fizzled. Pulling more strings, he finally got an "in" at Twentieth Century-Fox and work in a promising musical picture. He was fired because his ears were too big and because he was just plain "untalented," to quote the director who did the deed.

Years passed, of course, and today Bing is a tremendous success in radio, TV, motion pictures, orange juice, and in fact, everything, especially money. When in Hollywood of a Sunday, he always attends Holy Mass in beautiful Blessed Sacrament church.

So does the TC-F director, mentioned

***KID'S CANDIDATE** — Howdy Doody, famous freckled puppet, elected "President of the Kids" in 1948 on a platform promising, among other things, a revival of the five-cent banana split, was out again this year by between 1,500,000 and 2,000,000 votes. Bob Smith, mentor and "voice," is on the right*

, and sometimes when their eyes across the aisle, Bing will smile at llow ever so little, and wiggle his ever so little.

Opera Theater

C has announced its *Television Theater,* now in its fourth sea- will again present Gian Carlo tti's phenominally successful *l and the Night Visitors* (for the time), probably around Christ-

identally, Menotti is looking for er "Amahl" because thirteen-year- het Allen, who did so beautifully e role last year, is no longer a no.

era Theater will present another ous opera, *Sr. Angelica,* in March. opera has an all-female cast, is set convent, and its theme will befit aster season.

Pay-as-you-See TV

looks as if we might have pay-as- ee TV sooner than most of us ex- d. Even as soon as next football n.

blic tests using Telemeters—just he old-fashioned gas meters: drop coin and the picture unscrambles begin on the West Coast in a weeks. These tests are intended to ice findings sufficiently conclusive in FCC approval of the over-all n of pay-as-you-see TV.

he FCC gives its OK, and it prob- will, at least a portion of next season's football telecasts will be made available to the public at fifty cents per set per game, and insiders predict the following season, 1954-55, will have the pay-as-you-see system of home-viewing installed on a national scale, with all college football being seen exclusively by this method.

Cold, hard economics are at the bottom of this.

The National Collegiate Athletic Association (NCAA), which controls telecasts of all college grid games, can visualize gross profits as high as five million dollars and up each week. The battle to block this NCAA move will be led by Notre Dame, within the organization itself, and by large groups on the outside who believe the air belongs to the people as a whole and that no charge should be made for the use of it.

In Review

One of the most consistently good shows on television, certainly the finest with a newspaper background or motif, is *The Big Story,* on NBC-TV on alternate Fridays, 9 to 9:30 P.M., E.S.T.

This is a drama-documentary series dealing in authentic experiences of newspapermen engaged in outstanding assignments of their careers, assignments they themselves consider their biggest and best.

Each script re-creates a news story, in covering which some reporter performed considerable public service through the solution of a murder or other crime or the exposing of corrupt politicians, etc. Most of each story is on film and the greater part of this film is "shot" in the actual locale in which the story originally took place.

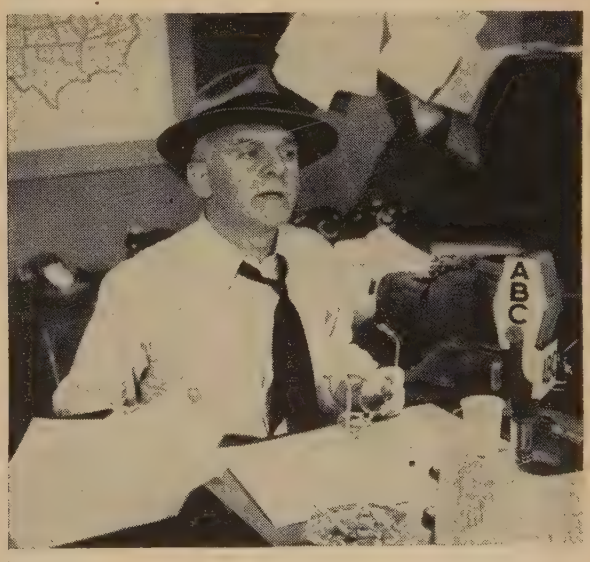
A great deal of real, honest, top-flight research is done on *Big Story,* making it an all-around professional production, but the main reason for its predominance as the best newspaper series on the air is found in its presentation, in which there is no glamour-nonsense, no superficiality, no superdramatics.

In Brief

"Television, if properly used," says Dr. Allen B. DuMont, "can be the most potent force for the development of religious practice and interest since the printing of the Bible." . . . TV-Telephones would be in use in New York and other major American cities today but for the cost, about $2200 each. . . . Lili Darvas, widow of the late Ferenc Molnar, is "Hannah" on the CBS radio series, *Hilltop House.* . . . A new TV series, "TeleVespers," will soon debut. Each program will consist of 12½ minutes on nonsectarian Scriptural subjects. . . . Marguerite Piazza, the New Orleans Creole beauty, is President Truman's favorite femme TV star, in case you wondered. Next to Margaret, that is. . . . Former child picture star, Freddie Bartholomew, is a Manhattan TV producer during the day, a disc jockey on a small Newark, N. J., radio station at night. . . . About 11 per cent of the nation's hotel rooms are equipped with TV receivers as of now.

EYE—Lee Tracy, star of the nted radio-video series, "Mar- Kane, Private Eye," plans to e on Broadway some time this nd produce "Idiot's Delight." also continue in his "Martin " roles on radio and TV.

A PENNY, ETC.—No reason for beauteous Eve Arden to look pensive or sad. Her radio-TV series is the program favorite of teachers all over America, who feel our "Miss Brooks" has finally made them human.

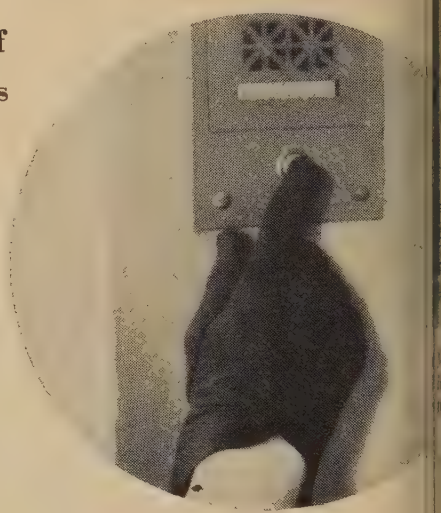


"LET'S GO TO PRESS"—Walter Winchell returned to radio and TV for Gruen Watch, to the tune of $16,000 a week. His radio stint, an up-dated version of his earlier TV stanza, is substantially the same good radio it has always been. The telecast, as a show, a program, and considered from a purely entertainment point of view, is darn near perfect.

Help For Unmarried Mothers

The work of Catholic Charities in Chicago is typical of the succor the Church is giving to unmarried expectant mothers

by RICHARD M. MENGES



THE sun was pouring light on Chicago one hot, July day. A trim, attractive girl crossed Randolph Street from north to south, possibly to get on the shady side of the street. When she slipped quickly into the Catholic Charities building, it might have been to escape the heat.

She looked much like a million or so other Chicago girls in their twenties, tastefully dressed, hair neatly combed. But you could see she was nervous, anxious about something.

She was busy thinking, and it wasn't about the heat. She was pregnant—and not married.

Only two persons in the world knew about it, she and her pastor. She couldn't tell her family, not yet—she was too ashamed—and she hadn't wanted to tell the priest. But where else could she go? To whom could she turn?

The priest advised her to go to the Charities bureau. He was sympathetic and didn't rail at her or shower her with pulpit platitudes. She was surprised at that. He asked her if she was sorry for the sin that led to her trouble. She was. Because she hurt her God and because she broke a law of society.

He helped her prepare, then heard, her confession. A sigh and a thankful smile told her relief after it was over. But she wanted to know more about Catholic Charities. How much could they do for her? Did they really have a program for unmarried mothers?

The priest thought a while, then told the girl a story. . . .

It happened more than 1,900 years ago, when the Church's first social worker was pressed to pass judgment on a woman accused of sexual misbehavior. He didn't sidestep the issue. Jesus Christ turned to the accusers and said:

"He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her."

After the crowd had silently melted away, He said to the woman: "Neither will I condemn thee. Go, and now sin no more."

Then the priest explained that each diocese takes care of its own unmarried pregnant women. The program in the Archdiocese of Chicago is typical. The Catholic Charities, with its two maternity hospitals and a corps of priests and lay caseworkers, do all they can to protect and help both mother and child. And yes, the program is complete, from first interview through the months of waiting—often with a family in another part of town—to the actual birth and post-natal care.

At the Charities bureau, the girl didn't know what to expect. She knew only that she had to go through with it, no matter what it cost her in shame. By the time the Charities woman counselor greeted her in the outer office, the girl's handkerchief had been tugged and squeezed into a crumpled rag.

The counselor was another surprise. She was sympathetic, understanding; not harsh at all. She heard the girl's story, and although the sinful act was not condoned, neither was the girl condemned. The attitude seemed to be: Let's not talk about the past. We both know what happened, and we both know it shouldn't have happened. But let's plan for the future. We're faced with a problem, so let's solve it.

Before the girl left the energetic, competent Charities counselor, the two of them had decided upon a plan of action for the last few months of her pregnancy. Also, the services of a Charities priest were made available to her, if she wished to confide in him or seek his advice.

When the girl left the Charities, she wasn't what you would call jubilant, but she was relieved. As a Charities worker once paraphrased a show-business slogan: "Through our portals p the saddest women in the world—a the most relieved."

What the girl didn't know was t well-thought-out, three-point progr on which the Charities' unmarried mo ers division works. The Rt. Rev. Ms Vincent W. Cooke, Chicago archd cesan supervisor of Catholic Charit sums it up this way:

"We try to make each girl see h she has failed in her obligation to G society, and herself. Then we try show her how she can make things ri again.

"In the first place, confession and firm purpose of amendment are in der. The girl has sinned gravely.

"Then there is her debt to soci She is bringing a child into the wo with two strikes against him. So must do what is best for the child.

"Last is the obligation to herself, a this is the toughest to put across. S must shake the idea that she is a b girl, and somehow she must get over feeling of self-reproach. The sin been forgiven, and now she is again a par with any other woman she n see walking down the street."

Like the girl who went to the Cha ties bureau that July afternoon, ma others are sent to the agency by par priests. Others, Catholics, are refer to the bureau by United (Protestan Charities, Jewish Charities, and the Co munity Referral Service. Some wom unaware that the Church provides s

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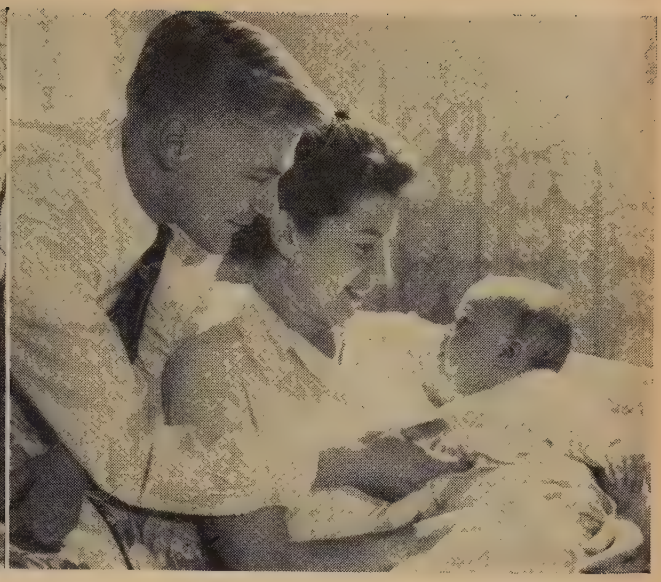
any unmarried expectant mothers turn to parish priests for lp and advice. In Chicago they are cared for in one of o maternity homes, Misericordia (above) or St. Vincent's



Problem of doing what is best for the child generally leads to baby's being given up for adoption so he or she can be raised in normal family life

ervice for women in their predica-
, call up the bureau after consult-
he phone book.
ll others simply go to one of the
many general hospitals. To help
women, a full-time Charities'
er is stationed at Cook County
ital, and another makes the rounds
e other general hospitals.
though the Charities' workers do
thing they can to help each girl,
often come up against an emotional
the girl's guilt complex. Shame,
, contrition, self-reproach, so well
n the girl that sometimes even the
ities counselor is suspect. Actually,
counselor, a hospital caseworker,
a Sister at the maternity home are
nly three persons in the Charities
nization who ever know the details.
talk doesn't convince the girl of
workers' sincerity, actions usually
There is no attempt to railroad the
pective mother into one of the
ities' hospitals. If she wishes, the
may have her own doctor and de-
at a general hospital. Even then a
ities' worker helps her until she is
y to return to her normal life after
ery.
so, there is no set time for a girl
nter one of the maternity homes.
t decision, too, is left up to the
ctant mother. She may come as
as the fifth month or as late as a
before labor.
rhaps the hardest time for an un-
ied expectant mother is the fourth
fth month, when it becomes impos-
to conceal her pregnancy. Until
this time the girl often works in a place where she can avoid becoming friendly with her co-workers. Some girls —strong, self-reliant women—even continue working until the last month or so.

But most are glad to enter one of the maternity homes earlier, some as early as the fifth month. And quite a few girls are eager to take advantage of the Catholic Charities' "work home" plan.

This innovation began a few years ago when a friend of Sister Mary Alice of St. Vincent's hospital volunteered to give an unmarried pregnant woman a home and a job—baby-sitting and light housework—until the baby came. No questions would be asked, and since the girl would be living in a different part of the city she would not have to face her friends and acquaintances.

Of course, the biggest problem every unmarried mother faces is what to do with the baby. It's a heart-rending thing to see a woman torn by conflicting loves and desires for her own flesh and blood. There is her natural love for her baby. It's a selfish love, instilled in woman by God. The baby is *hers,* and she wants to feed him and fondle him and watch him grow.

But she also wants to help him and see to it that he gets the best of everything. That's part of her love, too. And she can't evade the question: "Won't my baby do better away from his mother, away from the stigma of illegitimacy?"

So the conflict rages. Shall she keep her baby or not? It's a tremendously difficult and complicated question for the mother to decide. But she, and she alone, makes the choice.

In the Chicago program the unmarried mother has four alternatives: (1) leave the baby at St. Vincent's or Misericordia for adoption; (2) take the child home to be raised by the mother herself, her family, or a relative's family; (3) place the child in a foster home; (4) if the child is mentally or physically inadequate, have the child referred to the Juvenile Court and placed in a foster home by the Catholic Home Bureau, another Catholic Charities agency.

"We generally prefer that the mother doesn't keep the baby," says Monsignor Cooke, "because she has a tough row to hoe as it is, and we've found that if she can't completely rehabilitate herself and get over that feeling of self-reproach, the end result is usually two neurotics, mother and child. However, in each case the mother alone decides. She may keep the baby or not, as she wishes."

According to the chief counselor of the Chicago Charities program, there is no typical unmarried mother. She says:

"We have helped girls from thirteen to forty-eight years old, girls who are dull, girls with master's degrees, girls from all walks of life, all professions and occupations, from every economic class, women who are single, married with husbands in the armed forces, separated, divorced.

"They have come, and others still come to us. We are glad to help them."

I Found Faith in Mexico

With simplicity and child-like trust, the Mexicans cherish their faith that was nurtured in sorrow and hardship

by ***HERBERT F. LEIES, S.M.***

IT was in the dusk of a Saturday evening that I picked my way through the clutter of squatting street vendors in the old Hidalgo Market in Morelia up to the massive gray Romanesque portal of the four-hundred-year-old church of San Agustin. The heavy oak door was swung wide open, and the chatter of the market faded to a vague murmur as I moved up the side aisle, past three women, rebozo-draped, huddled along the left side wall. They were gazing up at the ex-votoed image of the saintly Fray Juan Bautista Moya in his St. John the Baptist garb, clutching a cornstalk as staff, and they were rapping their knuckles against the wall, while their lips moved in prayer.

I dropped into one of the high, stiff pews. A blue-robed Queen of Heaven hovered over the main altar. The sheen of her fluffy silk cuffs and hoop skirt reflected the clusters of electric lights in huge bronze candelabra on each side of the altar. On the right, ebony choir stalls caught a dull gleam along the tracery of their intricate carvings. White flowers banked in profusion on the altar spread a perfume through the church.

There were about fifty other worshippers in the pews. Behind me, an Indian family, parents and three children, were praying together in a low murmur. A barefoot girl, draped in threadbare rebozo, passed up the side aisle, leading a toddling two-year-old. She glided into a pew, knelt a moment in prayer, then sat down and was soon nodding and dozing while the baby's cooing mingled with the sound of murmured prayers. Then there was a scuffing sound behind me; a barelegged girl of about fifteen years was dragging herself up the main aisle on her knees, scraping the tiles so roughly that I half expected a trail of blood streaks behind her.

I left my pew to browse around reverently. An open chapel on the left attracted my attention. Three señoras knelt on prie-dieus with faces uplifted to a statue of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, whose blue mantle and silk dress were spangled with large ex-voto silver hearts. On the chapel walls, other ex-voto hearts in various sizes were worked into decorative unfinished designs. After kneeling for a short *Ave,* I looked for a chair on the side and sat down to muse. I smiled as I recalled what certain supposedly informed friends of mine had told me before I left for Mexico, "O of course, the Mexicans go to church f baptisms, funerals, Christmas, and Goo Friday." I recalled, too, the other r frain, "In Mexico, the men do not go church but leave that to the wome folk." And I confess I had expected find that the religious persecution of th 1920's had scattered the shepherds an dispersed the bewildered flock to lea the sheepcote empty to this day.

So it had become a preoccupatio with me to visit every church I cou on trips that were primarily anthrop logical and archeological in nature an that led me into widely scattered are of Mexico. I smiled to myself, there i the chapel of old San Agustin, recallin the packed churches I had seen on Su days in San Luis Potosi, in Guadalajar in Puebla, in Oaxaca. As for weekday San Agustin was a good example Mexican devotion. My reverie w interrupted by the hunchback sacri tan who had noticed the *Americano* an stood before me with a disarming smi to exchange greetings and tell me the wonders of San Agustin. With whispered *muchisimas gracias,* I finall took leave of him, and with a quic

ps to Nuestra Señora hovering over main altar in glory, I stepped out the dark portal to mingle with the ppers in the Hidalgo Market.

The next morning, San Agustin was ady filled when I arrived for the n o'clock Mass, but I managed to into a pew alongside two old Indios pped snugly in their red-and-black pes against the cold of the summer n. Serapes and rebozos were sprinl profusely among the parishioners I felt that I knelt among the lowly Morelia. At Communion time, men, hen, and children in rather large bers approached the altar rail.

fter Mass, I drifted over to the hedral, whose graceful twin bell ers, loveliest in Mexico, are Morelia's e. The padre, vested for Mass, was he sermon as I entered, preaching to mpact congregation that flowed out he side chapel halfway across the Cathedral interior. Women in lace tillas and men in modern-cut coats opcoats were conspicuous, to mark Cathedral for the more prosperous Morelia. A lone, deep-bronzed Indio, ed in serape and shod in dusty rachos, was crouched on the side.

With Morelia visited, I had completed the circle of colonial towns northwest and west of Mexico City which included Queretaro, Irapuato, and Guanajuato. In all four I had found time's clock turned back; in none of the four had the fever and bustle of modernity intruded except perhaps in the shadow of the hotels catering to American tourists. Once the storm center of the bloody wars for Mexican independence, these colonial towns had ridden out the storm and the tidal wave of religious persecution that followed. Tenaciously clinging to their rich heritage of Catholicity from Spain, guarding the many churches they had built as bulwark of their faith, they had crept back into the peace and quiet of a Catholic life cast in the mold of the late Middle Ages. The devotion of their people was evident as I passed from one to the other of their rich colonial churches.

From Morelia I took the late Sunday morning Autobus Pullman for Mexico City, the cosmopolitan capital 200 miles east. I realized I was moving out of the medieval and into the modern when cement works and industrial plants began dotting the landscape of the Federal District, and soon I was in the sprawling twentieth-century metropolis with its ultramodern government and office buildings, swank and exclusive residential *colonias* like El Polanco and San Angel, squalid tenements, and traffic.

For Mass and Communion the next morning, I chose my favorite church in Mexico City, the Regina Coeli on Calle Bolivar, in a slum district some six blocks south of the Cathedral. The drab, time-stained exterior of Regina Coeli is severe and uninviting, but its gold-encrusted altars and its overload of churrigueresque interior ornamentation rising dizzily to the vaulted ceiling is breathtaking. I entered the modest vestibule, passed the velvet-cloaked Christ before Pilate, life-size in its glass case, and slipped into my accustomed pew among the forty or fifty worshippers from the neighborhood. Some two dozen members of the *cofradia,* clothed in brown scapulars, were gathered around the glass-shrined statue of Our Lady of Mount Carmel draped in its white lace mantilla, saying their daily prayers in unison while the Mass was in progress.

Mexico City counts a score or more of rich churches in the old sections, built

The beautiful Cathedral of Mexico City with its two classic towers

Left, Indians in their colorful serapes enter shrine. Below, an overflow crowd at Sunday Mass at St. Agustin

The contrast between the ancient and modern cities is very evident in Mexico

in the days when gold and silver flowed abundantly. I revisited some of them, those which had a particular charm for me: hoary San Francisco, opposite Sanborn's House of Tiles, built by order of Cortes on the grounds formerly occupied by the zoo of the Aztec emperor Montezuma; La Soledad, unjustly labeled the 'church of the underworld', with its dazzling multicolored tile dome; Loreto, leaning like the tower of Pisa; and Santo Domingo, loveliest of the capital's Baroque churches.

NO tour of Mexican churches is complete without a pilgrimage to the Basilica of Guadalupe, the religious focal center of all Mexico, where I always found an atmosphere of devotion that has no equal in the Republic. I reserved an afternoon, boarded a 'Villa' streetcar at the Zocalo facing the Cathedral, and a half-hour later was wending my careful way between the awning-covered *puestos* loaded with candles, *gorditas* (special Guadalupan cakes), eatables, soft drinks, and amusement park knickknacks that clutter the imposing entrance of the Basilica. As usual on any weekday, I found the vast interior fairly filled, and a continuous stream of pilgrims carrying lighted tapers moving slowly up the middle aisle on their knees, murmuring repeated *Aves* on their beads until they reached the altar rail. There they paused, and with eyes lifted to the heaven-painted *tilma* they poured out their devotion and their needs to the 'brown Virgin' of Guadalupe.

The candlelit faces I met on my visits to the Shrine were mostly Indian, for the Indians in Mexico claim the *Virgen morena,* dark as they are, as their special Protectress. Many of them live within the shadow of the Shrine to guard their *Virgen de Guadalupe;* others visit her from afar, making their pilgrimage a 'fiesta' in which food, drink, amusement, and a visit to *La Virgen* go naturally hand in hand.

In addition to the great Guadalupan annual fiesta on December 12 for all Mexico, every town in the Republic has its own fiesta, marking the day of its patronal feast or a major feast of Our Blessed Lady. By sheer accident, I happened upon such a fiesta in San Pedro Tlaquepaque, a village some 400 miles west of Mexico City, a few miles east of Guadalajara. What had attracted me to Tlaquepaque was the pottery for which it is famous throughout Mexico. It was a Saturday evening as I drove in, surprised to find houses and streets festooned with blue and white crepe-paper streamers, but the streets deserted. The entire town had gathered in the plaza, and the thousands already there were being augmented continually by bus loads from Guadalajara. The swelling crowd kept milling about while the band tuned up. Against a white backdrop on the stucco walls of an *alfareria* or pottery shop adjoining the plaza, *señoritas* and *niñitas,* in fluffy chiffon, were preparing to form a tableau of the Annunciation. There was a white-skinned Virgin Mary in dainty blue, angels with trumpets, a dove being put in place, and restless white and brown cherubs trying to get into position at the Virgin's feet. The five to ten thousand jamming the square were waiting for the procession which finally wound its way from the church five blocks away.

An eager onlooker, mother of one of the cherubs, informed me with sparkling eyes that the *Virgen de Zapopan,* a tiny miraculous statue of Our Lady, was soon to appear, to bless them, and to be returned to the church. The whole town seemed to be in the procession, from the mayor down to the little girls strewing flower petals. Altar boys passed by, rancheros on horseback, boys four abreast on bicycles, confraternities of men and women, Indians in their native dress doing a circular dance while they advanced. Finally, some fifty young men, holding long ropes to keep back the now excited, surging crowd, brought a hush to the packed square. All eyes watched a flower-bedecked auto come to a stop before the Annunciation tableau where the white and brown cherubs were now alert.

Three priests emerged from the auto, one in cope carrying the tiny *Virgen de Zapopan* in her silks as he would a monstrance. He raised the *Virgen* in benediction over the people while shouts and hurrahs broke out spontaneously from thousands of throats, and a rain of confetti floated down from adjoining balconies and housetops. After the *Virgen* had returned to her auto and passed, the whole crowd surged through the streets in the directions of the church to climax the fiesta.

Other equally vivid pictures come back repeatedly when I start musing on my tours through Mexico in search of religious atmosphere and religious observance. I see again the profusion of babies, one hundred or more as I counted them, white-skinned mixed with bronzed Maya, in the arms of godparents who formed a huge human horseshoe in one corner of the massive interior of the Cathedral of Merida, Yucatan, one Thursday afternoon, the weekly baptism day. Veracruz comes to my mind, and I remember the blindfolded Christ, standing lonely and life-size in a glass case against the church pillar of La Parroquia. And I again watch the devout *señora* lovingly place her bouqu of daisies amid the vigil lights to co fort the *Cristo* cloaked in scarlet velv with the white silk handkerchief dra tight over His eyes.

Or my mind goes back to Santa Ma del Tule, near Oaxaca, where the ti cream-tinted Indian church lies snug under the arms of the giant *ahuehue* largest tree in the world, in a cozy iro fenced churchyard. And I hear again t weird minor key Indian chant of you lads squatting on the pewless floor b fore the tinseled image of their San Maria del Tule. They came each mor ing, they told me, to sing their son to La Señora. The fabulous San Domingo church in Puebla de los A geles, with its gleaming marble, its gol encrusted altars, its jewelbox Rosar chapel, is unforgettable. Against th rich backdrop I see again a lowly moth in drab rebozo pressing her face again the glass case in which the *Cris Yacente,* the reclining Christ in th Tomb, draped in soft velvet, repose on fluffy white silks. Her child wi big eyes of wonderment clutched at h dress while she continued communin

TO me, these pictures, so often recu ring in memory, trace a patter in high relief of the deep devotion th I could find in almost any church th I visited. It is a devotion that expresse itself in a simple faith, a childlike trus and a love pouring itself out natural that to me is reminiscent of the Catholi Middle Ages. Perhaps to some America Catholics it is too expressive and simpl It is a faith that has flowered throug persecution and still holds its passio flower stalk very high. For many Mexican, it is a faith nurtured in so row and hardship that draws him t seek the protecting and comfortin mantle of Nuestra Señora. It leads hi often to the Divine Presence in th churches and makes him linger befor the image of Nuestra Señora de Guad lupe or of a Santo Cristo in agony.

It would be rash to say that all Mex cans fit the above pattern. I have talke to a few who are atheists or sophist cates. Others I have found indifferen to religion. Others apparently a merely carried along in the stream devotion that encircles them in Catholic atmosphere. But the patter I have traced persists. It is the im pression I have carried away. I simpl relate what I have seen and felt. Th churches in Mexico are filled on Su days, well frequented on weekdays, an the men fill their quota. As for th simple faith that is so manifest amon God's lowly in Mexico, I marvel, and recall the injunction, "Unless you b come as one of these little ones, yo shall not enter the kingdom of heaven

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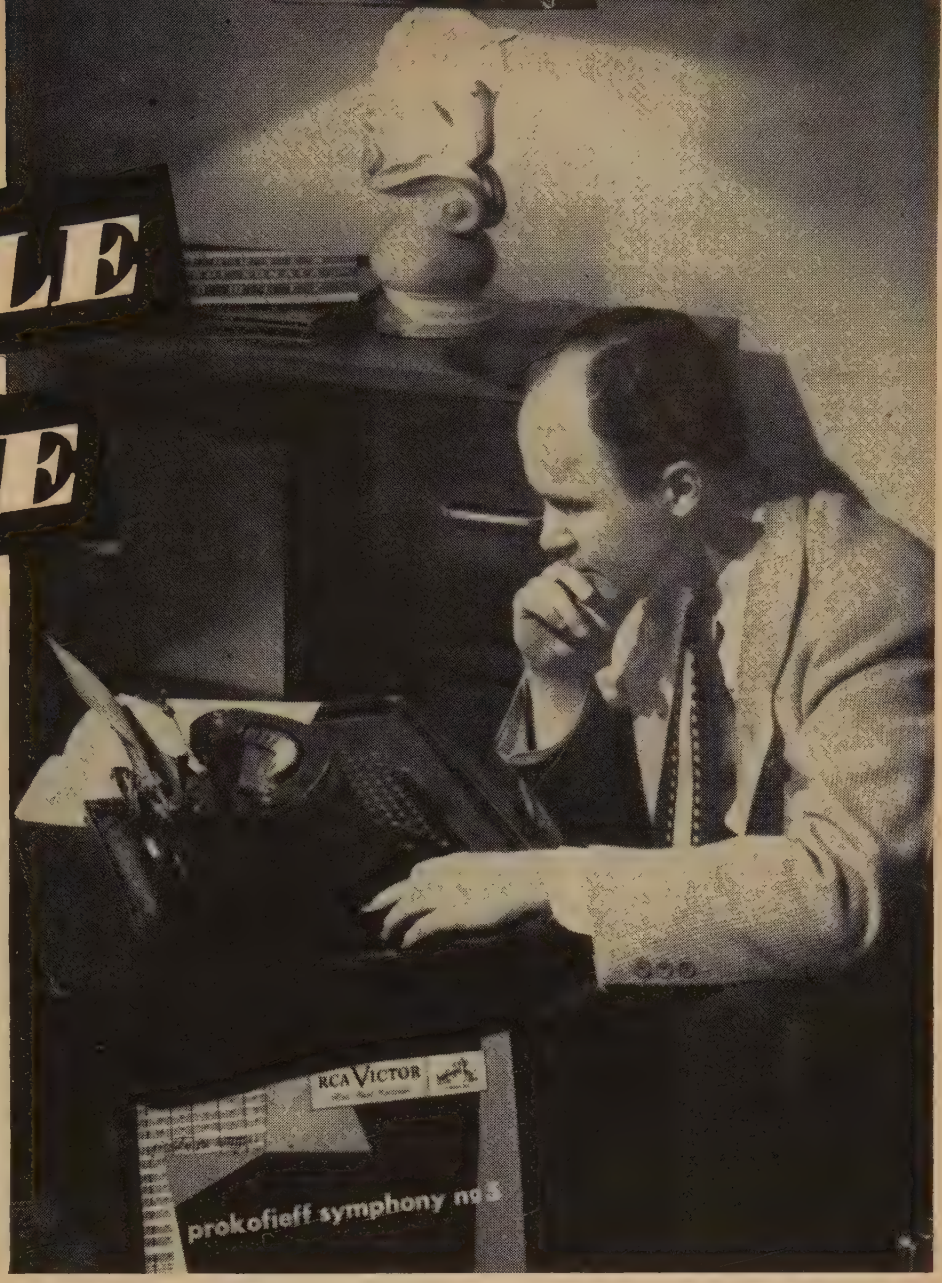
DOUBLE TAKE

was a slow process,
rked by a considerable
mber of reversals, but
en I finally became
rue Catholic it was
trial and by faith

by PAUL HUME



Paul Hume, music critic for the Washington Post

CONVERT'S life is full of little crises of which the born-and-raised d never dreams. Even an old hand seven years' standing and a fluent about the semi-Pelagian heresy re- to his greenhornism from time to . There was the day, just last year, my wife found me, in an agony of cision, standing midway between en and nursery, staring fixedly at h of Gerber's best.

fixed little Paul some vegetable- bacon," I said. "And I just re- bered!"

emembered what?" she inquired. s mad for vegetable-with-bacon."

es, but it's Friday!" I announced, ng as self-righteous as a regional ing of the W.C.T.U. Little Paul hen six whole months old. Had it occurred to my simple convert's that abstinence had anything to ith volition or at least comprehen- of what it was all about? No, sir. onverts take our Canon Law seri- !

convert, however, has a few little ds to compensate both for his ery and for the regretted years he spent hanging around on the de. He has a unique store of ories about his early associations with the Church. Any of you, I-was-baptized-at-the-age-of-four-weeks types, remember the first time you ever set foot in a Catholic church? I do. Distinctly.

It was on a blistering August day in the early '30s. I was sixteen years old and I had cornered a summer job as messenger boy with Swift & Co. The unheard of N.R.A. pay scale of fifteen dollars a week (the year before it had been eight dollars) made us lesser luminaries of the abattoirs impervious even to the daily ten-mile walks in and out of the stockyards. But I was always on the lookout for good places to dawdle between the office and the downtown business section where I was sent to collect bills of lading.

Early during my tenure of office, I discovered that my route took me by a big Catholic church. And one weekday at noon I saw people rushing into it as though it were a bank on Friday at two o'clock. My curious little Presbyterian mind and my tired feet persuaded me to follow them in. I sat down and looked around. The altar was covered with flowers and candles and there seemed to be a great deal of activity in front of it. I plucked a friendly looking sleeve and asked what was going on. A man said, "It's the Feast of the Assumption." I looked blank. "Of the Blessed Mother," he added helpfully. I nodded sagely. I had heard of her.

But I only stayed for a few minutes and then went off to see why a car full of beef sides headed for Albuquerque, New Mexico, was lost between Omaha, Nebraska, and the Eutaw Street Market in Baltimore.

A year passed before I heard a complete Mass. The voice teacher with whom I had just begun to study, was

corralling a group to sing at a large Catholic wedding. She included me in the bass section although my voice was undeveloped to the point of inaudibility. My duties were simple but well defined. I was credited with being infallible in matters of pitch. All I had to do was stand next to our Chaliapin-voiced and tone-deaf bass and keep him in line by singing his melody gently into his ear. Humble as this assignment was, I found that I could barely keep my mind on it. Although I had very little idea of what was going on at the altar, it struck me with the gentle force of an out-sized pneumatic drill. It was hard work getting my eyes off the celebrant to give an occasional glance at the music.

This business of being smitten with the splendor and lovingness of the Liturgy is the first step in the history of many conversions. I often wonder whether God gives us that little heart-warming taste for the external beauty of the Mass to help buck the cold realities. The realities, in my case, were cold and very simple. There was no point at all in thinking about the Catholic Church.

It would have made as much sense for me, at sixteen, to announce my intention of taking up Bahai or becoming a Communist courier. My quiet-suburb-of-Chicago relatives stood for everything respectable, white, eighteenth-amendment-Republican, and Protestant. (Some years later I nearly gave an old aunt a heart attack at Sunday dinner by telling her that I had voted for Roosevelt.) Both sides of the family abounded with ministers, missionaries, deacons, and presidents of small Protestant colleges. Religion was considered at least 90 per cent a matter of "family background." And the Catholic Church, or at least Hume membership in it, was simply beyond the pale. I said nothing about it, but I seized every opportunity to sing at Catholic weddings. It was a rather tenuous connection!

But more and more the contradictions of life as a Presbyterian began to strike me in the form of small, unrelated incidents from which I drew no conclusion at the time. They were unconsciously filed away for future reference.

As a Presbyterian I had said the Apostles' Creed during the service every week since I could remember. (Oh yes I had asked about that "Holy, Catholic Church" line and been assured that it did not, heaven forbid, refer to the Roman Catholic Church.) But then back in 1930 we got a new modern-type minister, and one day after service my mother said to him, "Dr. Johnson, why do we keep saying the Creed every Sunday? To most people it's just an empty form. Would it be possible to leave it out?"

"You know," said the young man gleefully, "I've just been waiting for someone to ask me!"

Next Sunday the Creed was gone. (It stayed out for eight years, until we got another not so modern-type minister who put it back in.) At the time of this incident I was so young and foolish that I did not appreciate being rescued from all that dangerous dogmatism. I missed the old Creed, with its nice definite little articles of faith. They were the one thing in the service you could get your teeth into. Who, I wondered, did my mother think she was, outlawing the Apostles' Creed? I began to wonder just how far one could carry this individual judgment business.

Mr. Hume at the piano with his son, Paul Jr., then six months old

Speaking of mothers, it was another one of them who created another little contradiction for me to brood over. We had a beautiful soprano soloist in our choir. The organist had had so many requests for the Bach-Gounod *Ave Maria* that one Sunday he had her sing it at the Offertory. After the service—and I mean right after, while the organ postlude was still in progress—the imposing gentleman who bore the impressive title of "ruling elder" was suddenly swarming all over the choir loft. "Don't you know," he roared at soprano, organist, and choir alike, "that the session of this church has voted that Latin is never to be sung here?" Naturally w didn't know, because in all justice to th session, it was not true. "And furthe more," he inquired, "don't you kno that the Virgin Mary is merely a the logical error whom Presbyterians shou avoid as much as possible?"

I suddenly remembered the innun erable, revolting Mothers' Day address during which this very man had near drowned in self-induced tears whil cataloguing the beauties, virtues, an strengths of motherhood. Now motherhood is so hot, I thought, wh should we Presbyterians "avoid" th Mother of God Himself? Why shoul Protestants in general have so litt good to say about her?

So in a sense my first real an noyance with being a Protestan sprang from the fact that w were insulting a Lady. Mor positive thinking about religio was postponed until I left home temporarily, to attend the Un versity of Chicago. I studied un der leaders of the "higher-criti cism" school of theologica thought. I even lived in th theological seminary, earning m keep by playing the organ in th chapel. I knew all the professor and their families. During th accumulated hours of bull ses sioning with one group and an other, I learned all about th fundamental disagreements tha swayed them so profoundly Within three blocks of my roo I could pass a Unitarian Church the study house of the Disciples church, a Congregational semin ary, and the University's own once Baptist divinity school. The infinite variety of beliefs at my door brought me to a rather ob vious question that I had hith erto taken very much for granted. Exactly why was I a Presbyterian? Of course I knew the answer, and exam ined in the light of pure reason, it seemed a little silly.

I was a Presbyterian because my mother had been an Episcopalian and my father a Congregationalist. When they married they agreed to compromise and join the Presbyterian church because it seemed a good middle-of-the-road solution. This precedent my mother cited in all seriousness many years later, suggesting that since I was a former Presbyterian and my wife was a lifetime Catholic, we would probably find lasting happiness in the Episcopal church! (We passed over the suggestion as politely as possible, except for a faint sound as of grinding teeth from my redheaded spouse.)

The whole situation suddenly ceased to make sense. The questions that rose

ny mind were pathetically obvious. y come early in the first semester ny freshman apologetics course. But were all new to me. I was by no ns a skeptic, like great-uncle David ne. I believed very definitely that had designed a human intellect able of comprehending knowledge. far as a belief in absolute truth t, I was right in there with St. mas and the Council of Trent. The usion resulting from good old free rpretation and individual judgment long since reached the *reductio ad urdum* point. It boiled down to ething very simple and literal, as it to so many converts: somebody was t and somebody was wrong. But if e was such a thing as belief being ht" or "wrong" then there must be uthority to define what is and what ot. I was far from prepared to say who had the authority, but I was g in the proper intellectual climate finding out.

he University of Chicago was then s first great flowering as a center of totelian-Thomistic teaching. Hutch- had come from Yale several years er, and the New Plan had been in- rated. Mortimer Adler was there a younger follower of the same pat- named Herbert Schwartz. As a re- convert from Judaism to the Catho- Church, Schwartz was so powerful nd campus that the Rabbi in charge he spiritual welfare of Jewish stu- s called the University chaplain, a gregationalist, to complain.

This Schwartz is teaching straight olicism to dozens of young Jewish ents in his home, and they are being enced by what he says," the Rabbi cted.

have always admired the answer the lain gave. "If your students cannot stand the logic of the Catholic rch, then perhaps that is where they ng." But I can't help wondering if would have had the same answer if students in Schwartz's home had Congregationalists.

HIS dazzling philosopher Schwartz lso happened to be a musician. He my professor of musical form and ysis, and he taught the course ac- ing to strictly Thomistic principles. eaction? Bitter resentment, stronger aps because the Thomistic logic ed so unanswerable.

though I was in quite an uproar by action was delayed by the end of ol. I went home, and there devel- a neat defense against my dissatis- on with the good old Presbyterian rch. I took over the choir, worked d worried it into a really first-rate al group, and by fretting over the cal aspects of religion managed to ignore the doctrinal aspects altogether.

The state of suspended animation came to an abrupt end in 1942. When a war comes, it uproots not only homes and lives but sometimes what had passed for religious faith. And once the uprooting has been done, you do not stay merely curious. You begin to ask the right people the right questions. I landed in Washington. There a close friend, who was a Catholic, realized that I was just naïve enough to fall for the old still effective dare technique. After listening to my ineffectual arguments for a few months, he said, "You wouldn't dare take a course of instruction because you already know where you'd end up if you did!"

"Whaddyamean, I wouldn't dare! Of course I'd dare!" I was trapped after that, because by then I did know where I would end and I did want to end there. For eight months I sat with Father S. every Monday night for an hour and learned it all from the ground up, although we found that there was little I did not already know from years of curiosity.

The day before Ash Wednesday, I received conditional Baptism and went to my first confession. I emerged to find the Catholic friends who had come with me removed to the opposite side of the huge cathedral. Seems that the first twenty-nine years of my life were an open book to anyone within a thousand feet of the confessional. I have since learned that one does not have to project one's little Saturday afternoon monologue with quite the force required for the Coronation Scene from *Boris Goudonov.*

ON Ash Wednesday I made my first Communion. Did I fully realize what had happened? Does any convert just at that moment? Did heaven open before my eyes in a special vision, first class, sent down with my name on it? No. Too much is involved for everything to happen at once. If I were spending any time with a new convert I would remind him often of the time we spend on earth building deep, eternal love out of acquaintance, friendship, and affection. I know of no better parallel for the way in which a convert must come to love the Church and to appreciate what being a part of it means. Because although the story should have ended happily right there, it didn't.

The time immediately following his conversion can be a difficult transition state for a convert. No one can really understand why except another convert who has had the same experiences. From February to June were the most hectic months, emotionally speaking, that I have ever put in. I needed a footing of solid concrete to withstand the floods of tearful telegrams, special deliveries, phone calls, warnings, exhortations, and pleas from home. (It was a simple little test and I failed it with flying colors.) I then developed a positive genius for making things as hard for myself as I possibly could. First I decided that I had let mere intellectual conviction (just that!) get me into this mess in the first place. My heart wasn't in it, I announced. Had any choirs of angels suddenly burst into song when I went to Communion? No. Not even a little solo Cherub. So why bother?

I REALIZE now how pathetically simple the explanation of this emotional ice business really is. A convert needs special help in integrating himself into the active life of the parish. (Convert Clubs, God help us, are not the answer!) Not even daily attendance at Mass can always turn the trick. A convert who comes from the highly socialized branches of Protestantism needs some physical connection with the Church. He should get into the choir, or help usher, or learn to serve Mass, and in any case learn to follow the Mass himself like a professional.

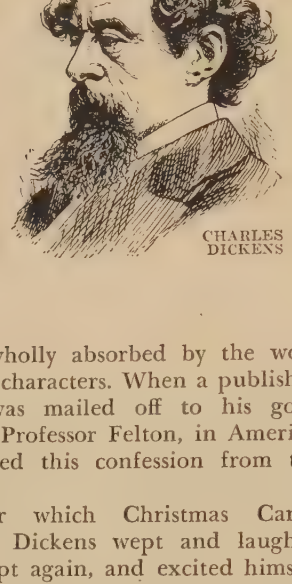
I don't begin to offer these rather oversimplified ideas with any thought of excusing myself for the foolishness of the next few months. What happened was hardly the Church's fault. All I wanted of the Church was everything she had to offer, and I wanted it right away, with no waiting, thank you. I wanted all the joys of heavenly revelation with a constant guide to the new life trotting at my elbow like the Archangel Raphael. And I wanted it without working at it for a minute. I began to drift out. I let it happen without lifting a finger to stop it. Did I go to the priest who had instructed me? Or consult my Catholic friends? Or look up a handy Dominican? Or even bring the matter up during confession? No, sir. That would have been doing things the easy way. Pride and a well-defined feeling of foolishness kept me away.

I was willing to write the whole thing off as an interesting but impermanent experience. Some people take up Yogi, some take up Existentialism. I rationalized the way my dear Protestant friends still rationalize my presence in the Church. They claim I'm there so I could marry a Catholic, overlooking the fact that I did not meet my wife until I was already firmly ensconced in the Church. (The only danger of this idea on their part is the faint shade of purple which she turns whenever she hears it.) By such specious reasoning, I slipped off the hook.

Just at that time I was offered the sort of choir job a musician dreams of:

A Christmas "Best-Seller"

by RALPH TROWBRIDGE



CHARLES DICKENS

WHEN Charles Dickens' *Christmas Carol* was first published and placed on the London bookstalls, there was a wild scramble for copies. The first edition was sold out in twenty-four hours. That was on December 19, 1843.

If *A Christmas Carol* did not save Christmas from its utter neglect as a holiday, as G. K. Chesterton claimed, it certainly changed people's attitude toward the Yuletide. When the delightful tale first burst on the world, no one praised it more wholeheartedly than Thackeray, Dickens' great rival. In his review of the new book, this novelist furnished a revealing account of the story's reception. Clearly it proved that many readers must have been stirred to a new kindliness: "A Scotch philosopher, who nationally does not keep Christmas, on reading the book, sent out for a turkey and asked two friends to dine—this is a fact. Many men were known to sit down after perusing it and write off letters to their friends, not about business, but out of their fullness of heart, and to wish old acquaintances a happy Christmas."

Charles Dickens had good reason to feel pleased with himself. He had turned out a work, the popularity of which would never die!

Modern readers might be interested in learning that it took Dickens about six or seven weeks to write this book which became the most popular of all his works. In October, 1843, he got the idea for it when he went up to Manchester to take part with Disraeli and Richard Golden in the ceremonies at the opening of the city's new Athenaeum, as a public library was then called. Returning to London, he plunged into its writing, giving such time as he could spare from finishing the last two parts of *Martin Chuzzlewit.*

The deeper he got into the story, the more it possessed him. He became wholly absorbed by the work and its characters. When a published copy was mailed off to his good friend, Professor Felton, in America, it carried this confession from the author:

"Over which Christmas Carol, Charles Dickens wept and laughed and wept again, and excited himself in the most extraordinary manner in the composition; and thinking whereof he walked about the black streets of London, fifteen and twenty miles, many a night, when all the sober folks had gone to bed. . . ."

In his preface to the *Carol,* Dickens expressed the real purpose of his ambition:

"I have endeavored in this ghostly little book to raise the Ghost of an Idea, which shall not put my readers out of humor with themselves, with each other, with the season, or with me. May it haunt their hours pleasantly, and no one wish to lay it."

How fully this wish of the author was fulfilled is revealed in the same letter to his American friend. Evidently, many others were rejoicing with Dickens over the publication of his "little Carol." To Professor Felton, he confided:

"By every post, all manner of strangers write all manner of letters to him (Dickens) about their homes and hearths, and how this same Carol is read aloud there and kept on a little shelf by itself. Indeed, it is the greatest success, as I am told, that this ruffian and rascal ever has achieved."

Today there is no means of measuring Dickens' triumph with his Christmas classic. It has been translated into almost every language and is familiar to millions of readers all over the world. It is read aloud in private homes, acted on the stage, and broadcast over the radio. No other holiday work can begin to match it for popularity.

baritone soloist with the finest choir town, and one of the finest in the country. I jumped at it both *per se* and as means of resolving my doubts. F awhile I even kidded myself that t Anglican cathedral was the place f me, after all. I repeated the trick earlier years and filled the emptiness felt there by means of music. But soon learned that music is no substitu for the Real Presence. How can y go on receiving something given Holy Communion when you know th not even the clergy of the place ha the slightest agreement among the selves as to exactly what they're givi you?

The joke—very funny!—is that though I was now "out" of the Churc I still had exactly the same beliefs th I had held when I was "in." And hadn't been out for long before I w knocking myself on the head trying think of a way to get back in witho "losing face" in either camp. Why thought this nicety was so importan I still do not know.

If God takes special pity on foo and drunks, he also has a reserve fun of patience for slippery converts wh regard every minor spiritual crisis as a excuse to leave Him in a huff. He ser me a way back, made to the most ex acting order: a friend who was a) on of the most brilliant young musician I have ever known, and b) a pries It was an appealing combination.

This crafty character did nothing fo weeks after we met but play for me t sing, bring over his compositions fo my inspection, tootle on his recorder and generally radiate an enviable sati faction with life, a satisfaction whic I was far from feeling. I began to ge impatient and positively insulted. Didn' he *care* that my soul was in a messy condition? Wasn't he going to urge cajole, and argue? What the lazy char acter was doing was letting *me* do little work for a change. And when had finally worked hard enough, h only had to toss off one line abou when did I intend to stop being as un happy as I looked, and I said anytime a all. The next thing I knew I was back at the same old altar rail reading ou of the same little book.

This time, things were so differen that I could hardly believe it was the same old Church. The intellectual sure ness I had always had was now bul warked by a faith I could feel clear through. The time "out" had shown how wrong I was in thinking that my heart wasn't in it. My heart was hope lessly in it. I was now a Catholic be cause by trial and by faith, I could not be anything else.

They say that's how it always is with converts: they become Catholics because they must.

Woman to Woman

by KATHERINE BURTON

God Waits on Charity

IS AS the feast of Christmas draws near that we who Christians realize more fully the depth of love which is t day's greatest gift.

)ne of Longfellow's poems deals with a monk who was ioner of his monastery and whose daily duty it was to the convent gate to feed the poor who gathered there h morning. One day, while he was praying in his cell, a on came to him of Our Lord, not the slain Christ, but He was "in the village street, in the house and harvest d, when He walked in Galilee."

s the monk gazed, lost in love and joy, the convent bell g, and he knew it was time to take up his post at the e to feed the poor. He did not know which to do—slight radiant Guest for that ragged crowd or leave the poor wait until the Vision was gone. He decided to go, but h a backward look of regret. He found the poor crowding gate, in their eyes the sad look of those who "hear the nd of doors that close, and of feet that pass them by." waited until all were fed and then hurried back to his . And there was his Visitor, still waiting, and the monk rd the words, "Hadst thou stayed I must have gone."

oday many stand waiting at gates all over the world, ing for food and shelter. On the very night when Our d is born, thousands will be cold and hungry.

he Baby in the cave at Bethlehem was materially very r, but He was rich in love, natural and spiritual. He poor when He was a child in Nazareth, but He was er without love. When He grew up, that was the chief racteristic of Our Lord and His followers; the amazed siders said, "How these Christians love one another." gave and gave—pity and help for body and soul alike, ng gratitude to those who accepted Him. Finally He e the last and greatest thing He could give—His human For that we are all, whether we know it or not, in His t forever, and we must take the burden of the poor as rateful duty for what has been given us.

oday we are again entering an age of martyrs. Our sent-day martyrs are many kinds of people. A Bishop d whose death was the result of hatred for unselfish love, awareness of its power. An Edith Stein who came n Judaism to enter the Carmelite Order and who took ther's place in a Nazi crematorium. A young French girl China, member of the Lay Auxiliaries of the missions, o went to answer a sick call and was shot outside her r. A Mindszenty, living still, but an example of the horror of the enemy's endeavors to destroy the soul the living body. A Presbyterian missionary, killed be- se he refused to abandon his orphan charges. A Jewish plain found shot in Korea over the body of a Catholic lier for whom he had fashioned a little cross of twigs; cross was between their hands when the bodies were nd.

n this country there is as yet no demand for martyrs. But e too it is true, as Longfellow told it in the poetic legend: Lord will stay while we go to help, and we will find n still in our home when we return from errands of cy.

Remember Korea

A GREAT DEAL of money—thanks to constant giving—is helping to solve the problem of food shortage in many war-devastated lands, even if as yet many of the people have found no permanent home. But in one land—in Korea—nothing has been solved, and it is for them I plead this Christmas, for those made homeless by hate. The help I ask will go to the Adopt-A-Family program of the National Council of Catholic Women, whose present aim is to aid the homeless mothers of Korea in feeding their children, and also to find food for the hundred thousand children orphaned by the war.

The letters from an American doctor Sister at Pusan can hardly be read with dry eyes: "Poor, poor people—send us your prayers, we need them so much in this country of suffering beyond imagination. . . . Each day new skeletons are brought to us—many deaths are from pure malnutrition." Two sentences from one letter especially hold the attention. "There is something different about this place. God is here," wrote the Sister, and she meant the clinic where six hundred a day come for treatment and thousands must be fed. And the second plea: "Pray much for our people and for us that we can give all to God through service to them."

If they can so simply and eagerly give all to God, can we not this Christmas give our material help to the sad country of which this Sister writes? At Pusan packages of nourishing food—rice, cabbage, turnips—are to be made up and distributed directly to families, and we are asked to send five dollars to support a family in this way. Send your offering to: National Council of Catholic Women, c/o War Relief Services, N.C.W.C., 350 Fifth Ave., N. Y., N. Y.

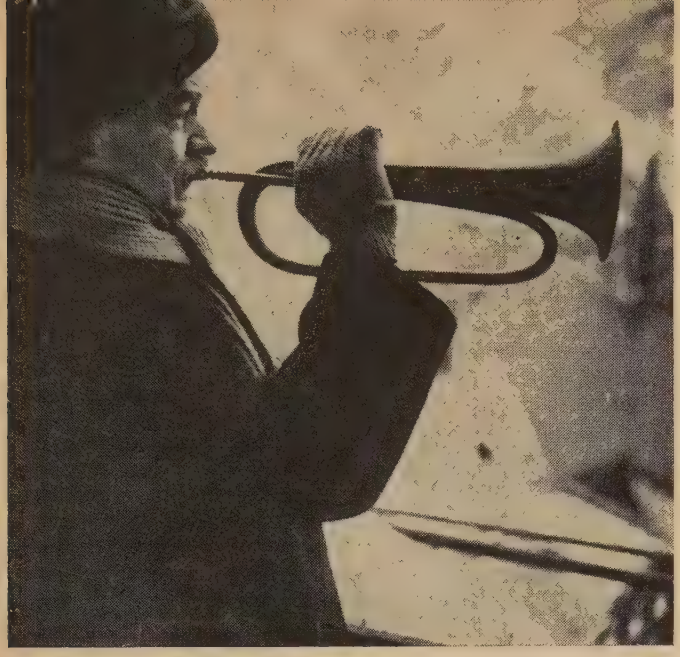
Life—A Five Dollar Gift

I WISH YOU would enlist your children in this campaign too. In this year of inflated prices, five dollars is not a great amount to spend for a gift, another toy for children already well provided with them. In Korea that much money would mean a gift of life to a mother who watches her children dying before her eyes. And remember many of these people are not families who were always poverty stricken. They have fled from terror, from men who are trying to stamp out the love of God.

Let us bring unselfish love into the hearts of our children this year. The young can be as easily roused to unselfishness as they can be made selfish. Give them as one gift this Christmas—the spirit of giving.

In the name of the Child who gave love to the world through His human death, in the name of a bishop who died because he held that love, in the name of Sisters who are working, and some of them dying, because they hold that love, give what is asked of you, a small material amount to give both material and spiritual help. Somewhere Browning has a line about sparing children from pain—"for Christ's particular love's sake." And it is in the name of the Child who is unselfish love that I ask my always generous readers to aid the National Council of Catholic Women in their effort to feed Korea's starving children.

Christmas in Flanders



The town bugler announces: "The Child is born."

☆ Christmas is the season of the children, and nc enjoy it more than the tots of Liere, Flanders. Fr the time the ancient bells, for which the region famous, peal out the glad tidings that the Birth Christ is near, the quaint little town of Liere comes life.

The village prepares for the Birth of the Savic with all the pomp and pageantry of medieval times. was the Church of the Middle Ages that revived t drama, and this drama has been enacted for centur in the little town of Liere.

Among the many features is the Cinderella-like c riage that draws up before the fourteenth-centu church, while a lady dressed in all the royal finery the eighteenth century adores the Infant in the crec There are also the Three Kings, boys of twelve years less, who carry the star of Bethlehem. These and t many other ceremonies here depicted reach their clim at 11:30, when the entire village enters the church f the splendor of the Midnight Mass.

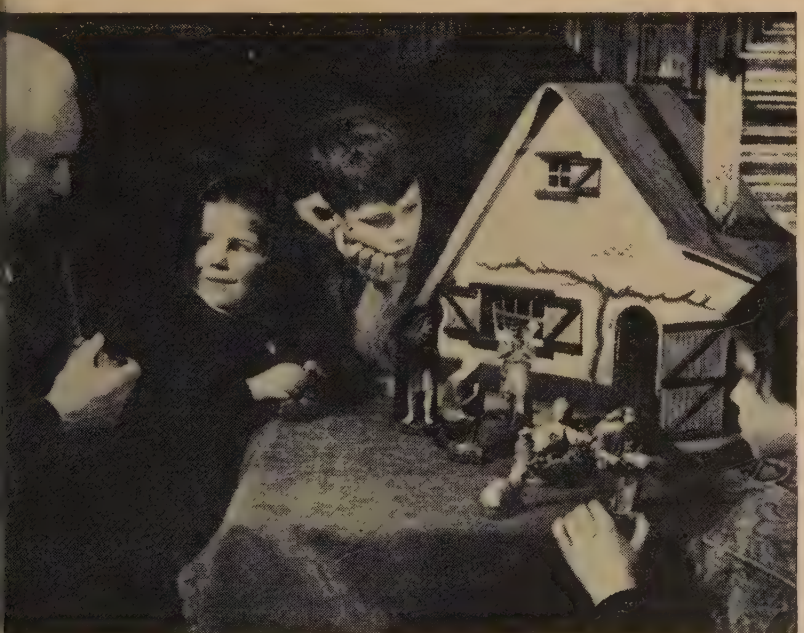
The Three Kings carry the star of Bethlehem.

The family—three generations—adore the image of th Christ Child in the Cathedral creche. Like the peopl of old, this family carries the traditional lantern

The dogcart is revived for the Christmastide.

Three boys, though in unauthentic dress, represent the Three Kings. They pose with the star of Bethlehem. One, as is traditional, blackened his face.

The boys ring the doorbells of all the neighbors and invite them to hear the Christmas carols. After the serenade, the neighbors give them cake and cookies.



"Once upon a time, almost two thousand years ago . . ." Grandpa tells the story of Christ's birth to his grandchildren before the household creche. Most families build their own crib and carve statues.

The carillonneur strikes the levers that ring the bells. Flanders is famous for its carillonneurs and its bell towers.

A SIGN PICTURE STORY

THE HOURS OF THE PASSION

The Condemnation

Pilate had an excellent chance to make history. But he threw it away because he loved himself more than truth, more than justice, and more than God

Wood engraving by Bruno Bramanti

Pilate, seeing that he prevailed nothing . . . washed his hands

THE trials and imprisonment of Jesus were illegal according to Roman law. Under the treaty by which Palestine became a Roman province, the Jews could not inflict the death penalty without ratification from the Roman Governor. It now remained for Pontius Pilate, the military governor, to review the case of Jesus.

Therefore, "Straightway in the morning the chief priests, holding a consultation with the ancients and scribes and the whole council, binding Jesus, led Him away and delivered Him to Pilate." (Mark 15:1) Pilate had set up his judgment seat in the courtyard of his palace. Court was usually held early so that officials could relax during the intense heat of midday.

Pilate must have realized at once that something special was in the wind when he saw the multitude accompanying Jesus. All the principal men of Jerusalem were in the group.

Pilate was typical of a Roman official of that day. He was serving an apprenticeship in the country while awaiting promotion to some post in Rome. In a sense, he was on trial himself. The Jews had already reported him to Rome. They would do so again, finally provoking his removal and suicide. The Governor was haughty, contemptuous of this conquered people. Trained, however, in Roman justice, his sense of decency was aroused when he beheld the mistreatment of Jesus by the almost frenzied mob. Disdainfully he noticed how the people would not put a foot in his courtyard lest they defile themselves. It was hypocrisy like this that made Pilate fear and hate these Jews.

"Pilate therefore went out to them, and said to them: What accusation bring you against this man?

"They answered and said to him: If he were not a malefactor we would not have delivered Him up to thee.

"Pilate therefore said to them: Take Him you, and Judge Him according to your law." (John 18:29)

This was the first round in the fight between Pilate and the Jews for a stake which was the life of Jesus. It was a thrust and a parry, a thrust by the Jews and a parry by Pilate. They were no further ahead than before, and Pilate was enjoying their discomfiture.

Fearing their case might not progress, the chief priests cried out from the gateway: "It is not lawful for us to put any man to death." (John 18:31) This statement was true not only under the Roman treaty but even according to the Mosaic law, for a criminal could not be executed on the same day on which he was judged. But the ancients, wanting Jesus put out of the way at once, wanted a new trial for Him.

"And they began to accuse Jesus, saying: We have found this man perverting our nation, and forbidding to give tribute to Caesar, and saying that He is Christ, the King." (Luke 23:2) As the Governor would understand these statements, they were lies. Looking at the forlorn figure of Jesus, Pilate seizes another opportunity to revile the Jews and asks Christ if He is the King of the Jews.

"Jesus answered: Sayest thou this thing of thyself, or have others told it thee of Me?

"Pilate answered: Am I a Jew? Thy own nation and chief priest have delivered Thee up to me. What hast Thou done?" (John 18:33)

To Pilate's astonishment, the weary and woebegone prisoner tells him that He has a kingdom which is not of this world. If it were of this world, His followers would have fought to prevent

by JUDE MEAD, C.P.

falling into the hands of the Jews. Vith amazement the Governor asks: 't thou then a king? Jesus answered, u sayest that I am a king. For this I born and for this came I into the ld; that I should give testimony of truth. Every one that is of the truth reth my voice." (John 18:37)

And Pilate, calling together the chief ests and magistrates and the people, l to them:

You have presented me this man, as that perverteth the people. And old I, having examined Him before , find no cause in this man, in those ngs wherein you accuse Him.

I will chastise Him therefore and ase Him." (Luke 23:13)

Here we see the folly of Pilate. Con-ced of the innocence of Jesus, he s to appease the Jews. If they wish us punished, the Governor will do not by imposing the death penalty, by ordering a sound beating. But iously this is not enough. Nothing death will satisfy the mob.

ilate weakly tries again, offering a nd choice. Which of the two would y like him to release, Jesus or the mous Barabbas? Like many another itician, before and since, Pilate is ght in his own trap. The people for the release of Barabbas and the th of Jesus.

ilate is stunned.

He said to them the third time. Why, t evil hath this man done? I find no se of death in Him. I will chastise n and let Him go.

But they were insistent with loud voices requiring that He might be crucified. And their voices prevailed.

"And Pilate gave sentence that it should be as they required." (Luke 23:22)

And what was their loud-voiced insistence about?

"We have no king but Caesar." (John 19:15)

"If thou release this man, thou art not Caesar's friend. For whosoever maketh himself a king speaketh against Caesar." (John 19:12)

So, though he knew Jesus was an innocent victim of hatred, and though he had had a mysterious message from his wife who had suffered much in a dream because of Jesus, Pilate condemned Jesus to death.

"Pilate seeing that he prevailed nothing, but that rather a tumult was made, taking water washed his hands before the people, saying: I am innocent of the blood of this just man. Look you to it.

"And the whole people answering, said: His blood be upon us and upon our children." (Matt. 27:24)

This is the story of the condemnation of Jesus—a manifold display of malice, appeasement, and gross instability.

Malice on the part of the leaders of the Jews, who could have easily recognized Jesus as the Messias had they not been envious of His influence over the people, jealous of their own position and acquired rights, and blind to the manifest works of God under their eyes.

Appeasement on the part of Pilate, who feared the Jews as much as he hated them. The Governor punished innocence with slaughter, so that his position might be secure with Caesar.

Instability on the part of the people. With almost miraculous caprice, they strewed palm and sang Hosannas on Sunday, and on Friday they cried out "Crucify Him!" "His blood be upon us, and upon our children."

Jesus Christ is the Man of the Hour. Every hour is His triumph. In this hour, He overcomes His enemies by using their malice to bring about God's will that He should die upon the Cross for love of us. In this hour, He overcomes the political intrigue and lack of principle in Pilate by boldly declaring that this is the reason why He came into the world, to die for principle and for truth—the principle and the truth being that God so loved the world that He even gave His only Son as a sacrifice for us. And finally in this hour, Jesus triumphs over the fickleness of the people by showing His great love for them in willingly accepting His condemnation and offering His precious Blood as a saving laver for them and for their children.

BUT the hour of the condemnation of Christ is not over. Daily, evil makes friends with evil at the expense of Christ. Nation with nation and individual with individual. Politicians still trade Christ for their own positions. Warmakers and warmongers condemn the innocent to death and deliver them up out of envy. The lesson from the condemnation of Christ is this: A man can have no real power over others if he does not first have it over himself. Truth is objective, and virtue is its own reward. A reign of injustice and appeasement is a recipe for nothing but chaos.

The miniaturists, whose illustrations decorate the pages of the medieval Hour Books, portray Pilate in a state of collapse, sprawled in his curule chair, with a towel hanging from his hand, the picture of dejection and frustration. Here is the man who had the chance to make history but who loved himself more than justice, more than truth, and more than God. In this generation of frustrated souls, salvation lies with Christ who called His disciples together and said:

"You know that the princes of the gentiles lord it over them, and they that are the greater exercise power upon you . . .

"It shall not be so among you . . .

"And he that will be first among you shall be your servant.

"Even as the Son of Man is not come to be ministered unto, but to minister and give His life a redemption for many." (Matt. 20:25)

COMMUNION

by CATHERINE DUTTON

Watch out. Don't come near.
I have turned a listening ear
On the God I carry.
This engrossment is momentary,
For man is frail
To be, for long, a Holy Grail.

But for this instant, leave us be.
So long as I have God in me
I am complete:
Filled with contentment much too sweet
For idle chatter
To dissipate, or shatter.

Soon, O much too soon,
I, myself, will be the ruin
Of this strange peace.
Then I will welcome friendly ease;
Laughter; celebration,
As mantle for my desolation.

"Oh God," he moaned. "I walked, I walked."

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES MAZOUJIAN

by Herbert A. Kenny

No woman's love could supplant the

WHEN I saw the notice in the Boston paper, a name in a list of names, that told me John Whylan was a minister of God at last, I was glad. I know he will be coming to me soon, since he knows I'm too old to go to him. He probably won't look much older than when I first saw him standing like a boy at the Dutch door with a late afternoon sun behind him. But he must have been twenty or more then. Hadn't he been two years in a Roman Catholic seminary and then two years in the Divinity School in Cambridge after he turned? Old enough to be a student-preacher, anyway, and handsome enough to fulfill all the anticipations of the young ladies in our small congregation.

"Mrs. Charles?" he asked. His voice was so deep that I said to myself right away, he'll make a great preacher. And I went up to the door, wiping my hands in my apron, to welcome him. "Mr. Chambers said you would be good enough to board me." Mr. Chambers is our elder deacon.

"Well, how do you do," I said, and shook hands with him over the bottom of the door and then opened it. He walked in slowly like a dancer, and looked all around him deliberately, like I've seen men walking through the woods watching for the birds. He put his Gladstone bag down on the rug and held a book under his left arm. In his right hand, he clutched a small statue.

"It's lovely," he said and when I showed him his room he said the same.

"Mr. Chambers said you'd be wanting a place to study and to work and you haven't got it here. I think the best place will be the parlor."

"That beautiful room," he said.

"Oh, it's not that grand," I said.

We went down to the parlor again, and it was then that he showed me the statue, a tall slim woman and a child and in the child's hand a ball with a cross above it.

"My only piece of furniture," he said. "My mother gave it to me."

"It's a Madonna, isn't it?" I asked.

"Yes," he said, "The Child Christ and his mother, Mary, Miriam. My mother died when I was quite young and this was all she left me. It's a delicate thing, china, Beleek. Very fragile. May I put it on the mantle over the fireplace here?"

He was doing so without waiting for me to reply, but, of course, I wouldn't have refused him; it was such a charming thing, and he was so tender with it.

the return

evotion of this Mother who came seeking her willful child

Now let me give you something to
' I said to him and we went to the
hen together. I wanted to set the
e for him in the dining room but
ained that it would take such time,
he wouldn't hear of it. Afterward
always ate in the kitchen until the
dent. He told me all about himself
is deep voice while we ate.
is father was well-to-do in New York
I gathered they didn't pay much
ntion to one another. His mother
dead. He had another year and a
of study and he would be ordained
minister in the Congregational
rch. I thought he might say some-
g about the Catholic college he had
n in and the reasons why he left but
didn't, and I didn't ask. Later he
me, I think it was in the kitchen at
ther meal, but I was sure I didn't
erstand him. It sounded like vague
about theology to me, and some
ness about doubts, and I told him
ever did have any doubts myself by
simple recourse of not thinking
ut matters and he laughed and said
was as good a way as any to handle
nd I poured him some more tea.
Then he went off to the parlor to
ctice his preaching. He used to
ctice out loud, and I think I could

And I never heard a word of criticism against him until the night he took Mr. Chambers' daughter to the square dance in the next town. There was so much cruel talk then that he never would be seen with one of the girls in the town, and indeed, he told me that he made a point of always having one of the older people around when he knew one of the girls was going to be present.

"There's nothing harder," I said, "for a parson to be aiming to marry one of his flock and have half a dozen flock aiming to marry him, and, worse and more sure, to have the parents of every eligible girl aiming to have her marry him."

"Oh, I'm sure it isn't that bad, Mother Charles," he said. He sometimes called me that and often when he did I would see his eyes turn a little later toward the statue on the mantle. "You'll believe me when I assure you, I am not, nor ever was aiming to marry Miss Chambers. Anyway, I'm certain at this minute that if I marry, it will be someone from out of town, perhaps someone from Cambridge."

"That won't help you much," I told him and left him to his studies.

That was about the way things were until Mr. Chambers offered him his

squarely that he had pushed the whole affair, and the board let us know in a round-about way and gave Mr. Whylan a vote of confidence as they say. But I don't see how they could have done otherwise, because he came back to me in a wheelchair.

The papers had made a whole lot of it, and then forgot about it, and then discovered him again, a year later. Here was a preacher in a wheelchair, and there was nothing like that anywhere, still managing his studies and his sermons. The newspaper story told all about the divinity school making up a special correspondence course for him, and about me tending him, and about the men carrying him into the pulpit, and about the doctors not knowing what was wrong with his spine that his legs wouldn't work. They told just about everything except Miss Chambers coming over to read to him, which I think she did out of a sense of duty because she's a fine girl, but I'm sure the accident and the talk and the fuss took all the romance out of her. Anyway it left none at all in him. But it seemed to make him more determined than ever to get on with his studies and since he couldn't get out, he studied night and day and would sit staring at his little statue of the woman and the Child when he was resting from his studies.

"Where's the end of it going to be?" I asked myself, because I don't think anyone regarded him as a permanent minister now that he couldn't get around. None of them said that and they were all wonderful about it and I think they would have kept him forever rather than let him know, but still everyone was thinking it would be nice

e given any one of them myself by
rt, so often was he going over each
non in the parlor. He practiced
much it was no surprise to me that
y all thought he was the best
acher that was ever in the county,
l him only turned twenty. I don't
nk anyone really knew what some of
sermons were all about, but it was
asant to listen to him.
"We're very fortunate to get him,"
. Chambers said, "I like a preacher
h a voice; someone that can be
rd outside the church, if you know
at I mean."
"Fortunate, indeed," said Mrs. Lane,
neighbor. "But a little dreamy."
"Then I think we could all stand be-
a little dreamy," I said, too sharply,
afraid.
"No offense meant, Mrs. Charles."

automobile for a mission conference at the State capitol, and he found that he was to drive Miss Chambers over and back. He said nothing, but when he left the house his brown eyes were smouldering and his hands were shaking.

I sat in the parlor wringing my hands and paced to and from the kitchen, giving a cake in the oven more care than a turkey deserves. I could feel something building up inside me, and when they came and told me about the automobile accident, it was like a dam bursting and I guess I fainted. Anyway there was Mrs. Lane putting a wet cloth to my forehead.

The two of them were out of the hospital in two weeks. I rather think he would never have come back except for Mr. Chambers, who told the board

if something happened to solve the whole thing. They got up a fund for extensive examinations and operations but the doctors postponed the operation because they couldn't diagnose and say what they wanted to do. Then one day I was dusting in the parlor while he sat with a book in his lap, rubbing his nose near his eyes. He startled me by giving me my own question.

"Where is it all going to end, Mrs. Charles?"

I could only stammer a reply.

"What do you mean?"

I wanted to turn and face him and I didn't want to. I kept my duster going over the mantle without looking at it. I was looking at him out of the side of my eyes, and he was looking at me now curiously.

"Where is it all going to end for me?

You can't be keeping me here, with a couch in your parlor; helping me up the stairs at night; carrying me is nearer the word."

The seconds seemed like days passing by; as if they had mornings and noons and nights. I had no answer to give him because it was the question I had been asking myself. My hands with the duster moved as if they belonged to somebody else, and I turned to say to him what the doctor had said to him—that he must keep trying to walk—when suddenly, frightening myself, I screamed. I had tipped over the Madonna and Child and it was hurtling toward the brick apron of the hearth. I went sick and closed my eyes and half raised my fists, clenching them like to break my fingers.

But the crash never came. There was a cry and quick soft steps on the rug and a thud and John Whylan was lying on the floor at my feet with the statue clutched in his hand.

"Oh God," he moaned, "Oh my God. I walked. I walked."

And I fell on my knees beside him.

Miss Chambers came to read to him, out of a sense of duty, I think

HE had been a different man when he came from the hospital, bound to the wheelchair, although I hadn't noticed at first. And he was a changed man when he got up off the floor, but I didn't know that at first. For weeks. At first I helped him walk again, around the room, with short, trembling steps.

"I'm afraid to sit down," he said, "I want to keep walking."

"It's like a miracle," I said, "It's like a miracle."

Finally, when he sat down, both of us breathless and trembling, when he seemed to know that he was able to walk again, and would remain able to walk again, he turned to me.

"It isn't a miracle," he said, "The miracle was when I became paralyzed. My soul made me sick; and my soul cured me."

Two doctors came to the house the next day and nodded to us and to each other that it was what they had expected. In the mind. I didn't see how things could be in the mind like that, and I seemed to see more sense in John's saying it was in the soul, though I'm sure I couldn't tell one from the other. But it was wonderful to have him cured if not well, and back on his feet, and around, climbing into the pulpit by himself, visiting the houses, going down on the train to Cambridge to take his last examinations for his diploma. But he was changed.

It didn't surprise me when he took to kneeling before the statue and praying there. Although that annoyed me enough to say to him, and I know I was too bold:

"You don't want to be dwelling on those things. The past is the past. You'd think the statue cured you the way you kneel there."

He smiled and blinked his brown eyes at me like a cat, and shook a finger in my face.

"Mrs. Charles, the statue is just a symbol, a reminder, that we salute as we salute the flag. But it reminds me of something I like to be reminded of."

"His mother," I said to myself and then began to suspect that it wasn't that at all.

Well, you can't imagine the excitement his cure caused in the church. There was more talk than the day after the deacon at the other church ran off with the funds. And the folks got a great delight out of telling the story, and fancy lent a lot to it that wasn't true, and I've heard some now that say it was all a trick on his part. But that just wasn't so. It was a miracle, no matter what he says, or the doctors or the people in this town.

Then one day he wrote in his letter of resignation. He thanked the deacons and said that reasons of conscience had changed his mind about taking his degree and he was leaving the ministry. Folks were rather sad about it; they had come to love him. They wanted to have a going-away party, but he said no. Then they went out anyway and raised money and sent Mr. Chambers over with it quietly and Mr. Chambers wouldn't take no for an answer and threatened a scene. So John Whylan took the money and wept and shook hands and after he had gone away he sent the church a magnificent oil painting of the Crucifixion.

They didn't know when he left where he was going. And I don't think he knew. But I knew. And I told him.

"You're going to study to be a priest," I told him, "That's what you're going to do." My voice sounded cross.

"Mother Charles," he said, "You thought it was a miracle when I ran out of that wheel chair to catch that statue; and I told you it wasn't. I said it was a miracle when I was hurt in an automobile accident and paralyzed in the legs. It wasn't. The miracle was when my mother left me that statue."

We both stood there looking at it.

"It's hard to lose you, John Whylan," I said, "Though it's only a short time I've known you."

"I want to perform a little miracle now," he said, with such feeling in his deep voice that I looked up hurriedly.

"I want to leave that statue of the Virgin Mother and the Christ Child just where it is," he said.

After a pause I said to him:

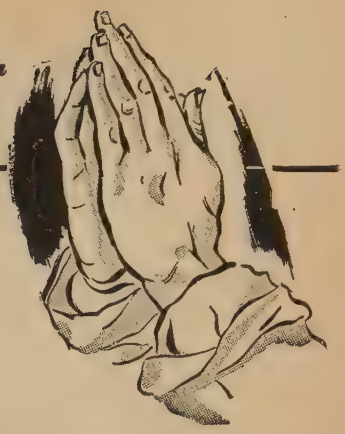
"Is that a miracle?"

"It will be," he said, "because it will bring me back here some day and bring us closer together than ever before."

And although I knew in my heart all the time what he meant and where he was going and what he was going to be, I don't think I knew what he was going to bring back to me until I read in the paper today that he had been ordained a priest.

Then all of a sudden I knew, and I'm waiting and he'll come.

HERBERT A. KENNY, veteran newspaperman and staff writer for the *Boston Post*, has written for many Catholic magazines. He is also co-author of *A Catholic Quiz Book*.



The Annunciation

by **GERALD VANN, O.P.**

THE Angel Gabriel was sent from God into a city . . . called Nazth." So the story of the world's reval begins, and St. Luke gives the el's salutation, "Hail, full of grace," salutation which now rings daily ough the world but here is given in stillness and silence of Mary's room, Mary's heart.

f we want to understand her perality, it is from that stillness that we uld begin. It runs like a golden ead through the fabric of her life—n the "stilly night" when her Child orn, through her patient keeping of these words in her heart," till she ets Him on His way to Calvary and nds beside Him at the foot of the ss, pouring out her love and strength Him, with no word spoken. That still-s, of deep thought, deep feeling, deep dom, is the condition of all her great-s.

But she was "troubled" at the angel's eting. We cannot know just how he ne to her—apparition, voice, an in-rd intimation—but in some way the sence is manifest, the mighty spirit's wer and brilliance. Yet it is not the sence itself that makes her troubled, aid; she is too holy for that. The eting troubles her because it im-es a greatness to be bestowed on her fore which angels will do homage. d so the fact is given her: she is to be mother of the Messias of whose king-m there shall be no end.

So it is to be; yet it must depend on consent. The rebirth of the world, defeat of the darkness, are put into hands of a girl in Galilee.

'How shall this be, because I know t man?" She does not doubt or try to ke difficulties—she is simply puzzled to how the thing shall be done. But en that is explained, then, quite sim-, she accepts her destiny: "Be it ne unto me according to thy word." It is a tremendous vocation; but if is God's will she cannot reject it; will show her the way. That simple t is the condition of the saving of the world, as it is the condition of all greatness. To make something great and beautiful—in stone or paint, in love, wisdom, life, holiness—there has always to be the stillness and the acceptance: opening eyes, mind, heart to reality; letting truth, goodness, beauty flow into you and possess you. And then there must be the accepting of life and destiny, the trying to be—in personality, setting, gifts, limitations—what God wills you to be.

But that is just what in practice can be so difficult. We want to present a mask to the world, to ourselves, to God; to pretend to be better or worse, greater or smaller than we are. So humility eludes us; for humility means precisely accepting the facts about ourselves and our gifts, but recognizing that God made them. It means acknowledging our limitations as coming also from God. But too often we long, and perhaps pray, not for reality, *our* reality, but for something quite different. We want to fulfill not our vocation but some other of our own imagining.

Our Lord tells us, "If you ask the Father anything in My name it shall be given you," and we may be tempted to think the promise too facile, too often unfulfilled. But St. Thomas shows how many conditions Our Lord's words in fact impose. The thing prayed for must be precisely some *thing;* a reality, some part of the glory of being, a reality for this particular person praying, a part of his vocation, and, in the end, his particular everlasting glory.

St. James tells us of the man who saw in a glass the face of his birth and then, turning away, forgot what manner of man he was. He saw his vocation, God's ideal for him; but the image fades as he becomes absorbed in other ideals which for him are unrealities, and they oust the will of God.

To Mary this could never happen. Like the handmaid in the psalm, whose eyes are always on the hands of her mistress to do her bidding, it is God's will only which counts for her. No self-deception is possible to her clarity of vision, no deviation possible to the completeness of her love. The destiny is given. She will not try to escape it, and she will not belittle its greatness any more than she will be vainglorious, for she knows that He that is mighty has done these things, and holy is His name.

The moral is clear. In De Caussade's phrase, holiness consists in "willing what happens to us at each moment by God's order," and the total of what happens is our vocation, great or small. Holiness then means trying fully, devotedly, to be what God wants us to be.

ONCE again this is difficult to do. We may want to escape responsibility or greatness; or we may resent a humble way of life. In either case we become frustrated, restless. There is nothing for us but to pray the *fiat* of Mary, to try gradually to mean it, to hope and pray that in the end we may mean it completely.

Only so can we hope to find peace and quietude and confidence. For these are the result, not merely of knowing that "all things are in the hand of God," but of deliberately willing that it should be so, giving our lives and dreams and destinies into His care.

"The angel departed from her," but a greater Presence remained within her. The renewal of the world had begun. So it is always: the human *fiat* brings into the soul the divine life and power which will enable a task, a life, a destiny to be fulfilled. So, in thinking of this mystery of the Annunciation, we should pray for the humility to accept ourselves and our destinies from God, and for the love which will enable us to pray and live the *fiat* of Mary and to possess our souls in peace.

REV. GERALD VANN, English Dominican author of many books, is one of the greatest living writers on spiritual subjects. The present article is the second of a series on the Mysteries of the Rosary.

Books

THE WONDERFUL COUNTRY

By Tom Lea. *387 pages.*
Little, Brown. *$3.75*

Tom Lea

The author identifies *The Wonderful Country* as that border corner of the Southwest where Texas and New Mexico meet Chihuahua and Sonora. Its tough and primitive reaches are here linked with the repatriation of Martin Brady, born an American but so long a *pistolero* in the employ of the cutthroat Castro brothers who control Chihuahua that he had almost forgotten his original citizenship.

At the story's outset, four caravans are converging on the town of Puerto, across the Rio Grande from Mexico. From the north, weary Joe Wakefield nears home in his open buckboard after a fruitless hunt for his looted mail wagon; out of the west, six mounted cavalrymen escort their post's new commander to Fort Jefflin; from 700 miles east, Captain John Rucker and his family arrive to set up residence on the Texas Ranger station; and from south of the border, three travelers—one of them riding a black horse—accompany a heavy cart loaded with ore from the El Tigre mine.

While the fortunes of all the strangers mingle significantly in and beyond Puerto, it is the odyssey of Martin Brady and his powerful stallion Lágrimas that occupies the center stage. To Martin the crossing of the river was a nostalgic moment, because it marked his first look at America in fourteen years. What he saw—its friendship, its opportunity, its open sense of tolerance—warmed him and filled his loneliness as the sun of Mexico never had. His decision to break with the Castros was a natural response to his homeland's promise of freedom from tyranny.

The novel is not a straight adventure tale. The narrative is loose and wandering—much like Martin's own character—colored (and crowded) by many different people whose cultures and struggle for survival are the means of establishing an entente with this region as it existed nearly a century ago.

Mr. Lea proves himself an adaptable man with the pen, using it not only as a trained writing tool but also to turn out the book's attractive illustrations.

LOIS SLADE.

ONE RED ROSE FOR CHRISTMAS

By Paul Horgan. *96 pages.*
Longmans, Green. *$1.75*

Paul Horgan

The Christmas story, like the fairy tale, sets a curiously inflexible standard for the writer, a standard in which a certain indefinable element of enchantment becomes the determinant, not of excellence, but of sheer existence. Just as there is no such thing as alchemy that almost works, so there is no such thing as a Christmas story that does less than enchant.

Measured by this rule, Paul Horgan, with *One Red Rose For Christmas,* has failed in the only way possible for the writer who would transplant some of the wonder of Bethlehem to the black-and-white of typescript. He has failed completely and unequivocally.

Whatever the special compound that produces enchantment, simplicity is surely one of its ingredients, and this tale of an embittered nun's difficulties in learning to love a singularly unlikable little orphan girl is a basically appealing plot distorted into phoniness by the addition of a whole web of contrivance and at least one red herring.

Perhaps to validate the premise that a religious would acutely resent a child, Mr. Horgan has provided motivation in the form of an orphanage fire, possibly set by the child, which has hastened the death of the nun's beloved twin, who happens, also, to be a nun. The red rose, a symbol sought by the bereft sister as assurance of her twin's salvation, is, of course, delivered by the child, who presumably did not set the fire in the first place.

Such machinations are not necessarily inadmissible elsewhere, nor would the attendant pedestrianism of the writing be so jarring, perhaps, in another genre. Here, however, they have a decidedly gumshoe effect. The result is another failure in a field where, unfortunately, being bad is indistinguishable from being, simply, not good enough.

CLARE POWERS.

HONEY SEEMS BITTER

By Benedict Kiely. *252 pages.*
E. P. Dutton. *$3.00*

Benedict Kiely

Honey Seems Bitter is Benedict Kiely's third novel to be published in America. He is a critic of parts, having at various times been a film, book, art, and drama critic for Dublin newspapers, and having written full-length criticisms of various modern novelists. From one book alone, one would be aware of his genuine love of the arts and his practical ability in handling the novel.

Honey Seems Bitter, however, will hardly enhance his reputation. The style, though vital and alive, is too strained and self-conscious and the reader is too often aware of the author's romantic posturing to be convinced. Perversity is at times taken as originality, and the characters, though vividly drawn, are artificial.

The book, however, is well written and interesting. The spacing of the narrative, the suspense, and the ingenious interweaving of a baffling murder story with the love story all point up the author's dexterity with his craft. Kiely has the power to make emotions real, to give force to the tensions underlying all our relationships, and to create scene and incident with skill. The deliberate "planting" of sex at various intervals in the narrative implies that the author is not sure of his theme, but this very effort destroys whatever value the theme might have had, if explored deeply. As it is, the story seems contrived rather than real.

N. ELIZABETH MONROE.

THE SWORD OF SATAN

By H. M. Mons. *308 pages.*
David McKay. *$3.50*

H. M. Mons

A fitting subtitle of this novel might well be "The Reluctant Hangman," for reluctant indeed was Charles-Henri Sanson de Longval, known as Charlot, the chief executioner of Paris at the time of the French Revolution. He makes an interesting subject, but it is lamentable that the author's preoccupation with Sanson's love-life should minimize the real spiri-

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tual struggle he was forced to undergo.

Sanson was from boyhood attracted to the medical profession. The untimely illness of his father, then chief executioner, and the fierce family pride of his grandmother force him to succeed his father temporarily. Although he attempts to resign, notably before his marriage to Marianne, his forest love, and again at the sentencing of Louis XVI to the guillotine, he is thwarted each time. Finally, the weapon he formerly used as an instrument of God's justice becomes for him the sword of Satan.

Through Robespierre and Chaumette, Marianne is killed by soldiers. Sanson, completely eaten up with the spirit of revenge, bides his time at the bloody work of the Revolution, waiting for the sentencing of the ill-fated two, an event in which he sates his lust of kill and loses his sanity.

Mr. Mons does not get far enough "inside" Sanson to make his moral collapse evident as a gradual rather than a sudden deterioration. He writes an engrossing narrative, except for the frequent, detailed sex scenes. Because these are so highly suggestive, it is impossible to recommend the book.

PAULA BOWES.

SHADOW MARRIAGE

By Kathleen Norris. *251 pages.*
Doubleday. *$2.75*

"Marry in haste, repent at leisure," is the theme of this newest novel by Kathleen Norris. Georgia Rogers, a twenty-eight-year-old widow with two young sons, is attracted to an extremely wealthy bachelor. She is fascinated by the glamour of his life and the possibility of security for her sons. Philip Duryea finds her charming and beautiful.

Even before the marriage, Georgia and Philip's adventurer cousin, Beau, find themselves falling in love, but she is blind to his real worth and to her chance for happiness until after the honeymoon. She suffers acutely from loneliness, boredom, and Philip's rudeness. Their private life is close to unbearable, their public one a continual round of parties and voyages. She has great difficulty in finding a few hours with her sons who have been put into boarding schools and summer camps. She dreams of her old, insecure life as a mother rather than a hostess and clothes horse.

Although she succumbs momentarily to Beau's promise of happiness, Philip refuses to divorce her on any grounds for fear of family scandal and because Georgia is a convenient buttress between him and a horde of predatory females. There seems no course but resignation in the face of Philip's tyranny.

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Mrs. Norris presents only a few simply grasped facets of Georgia's and Philip's personalities. Thus they remain types of their special brands of weakness. While this is not a great novel, it does point up the shadow quality of many modern marriages.

PAULA BOWES.

THE GOLDEN THREAD

By Louis de Wohl. *254 pages.*
Lippincott. *$3.00*

Louis de Wohl

At a time when nearly every new historical novel to hit the bookstands seems to be more lurid and less historical than its predecessors, it is refreshing to welcome a new novel by Louis de Wohl. Recognizing the romantic qualities inherent in the lives of so many saints of the Church, he has already built novels about the lives of St. Augustine and St. Thomas Aquinas.

The Golden Thread, which deals with St. Ignatius Loyola, surpasses his earlier efforts in readability and dramatic action. Starting with the siege of Pamplona, where a certain Basque nobleman received the wound which revolutionized his life, Mr. de Wohl has constructed his story on the character of the Swiss soldier of fortune who was chiefly responsible for the injury. Through the cynical eyes of Uli von der Flue, we witness the turmoil and bloodshed of the sixteenth century—in Spain, in Italy, and even in the Holy Land. There is a romantic theme too in the story of Juanita, alias Juan, who travels in the company of Uli and the saint. Unfortunately, the personality of the reformed soldier is sometimes overshadowed by that of the witty and energetic Swiss.

In no sense a biography of St. Ignatius, *The Golden Thread* is a nice blend of fact and fiction and an honest attempt to provide an understanding of the tremendous forces at work behind the founding of the Society of Jesus.

GENEVIEVE STEIGER.

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Ed. by Martha Foley. *397 pages.*
Houghton, Mifflin. *$4.00*

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eat care in order to convey the maxi-
um of experience within the limits of
e short story form.

Kay Boyle's "The Lost," for instance,
es a taut economy of means to tell
e story of children lost through the
st war, thrown up like wreckage on the
ore after the storm has passed, and
rdly ever reclaimed because they have
st the power to believe. Nothing could
e added to this story or taken away
om it without loss to its tragic effect.
eorge Elliot's "Children of Ruth,"
ough a less able story, demonstrates
e value of a loose plot to show the
ilty conscience of a woman who has
llowed the liberal dogma inside and
tside her home, only to be confronted
ith the failure of one after another of
r children, a failure for which she is
sponsible. The action fans out like the
gers on a hand instead of moving in
straight line. Nancy Chaikin's "The
limate of the Family" uses a similar
ethod to show the tensions in a fam-
half ashamed of its immigrant back-
ound.

Stories of children, usually hard to
rite, are firmly textured here. "I'm
eally Fine," "A Ride on the Short
og," and "The Conversion of Willie
eaps" are all examples of deft plan-
ng and insight. The stories about
olescents, with the exception of "The
ovely Green Boat," are less successful
cause they are overwritten.

With the exception of "The Letters,"
hich tries to describe sex by the book,
l these stories are solidly based on ex-
rience, which, in turn has been ob-
ctified through technique.

N. ELIZABETH MONROE.

HE LOST TRAIL OF THE AHARA

By R. Frison-Roche. 262 pages.
Prentice-Hall. $2.95

ne can read and re-read *The Lost rail of the Sahara.* It is the sort of ok wherein the author makes one see d feel and hear. Where Mr. Frison-che especially excels in a field that comfortably crowded is in his be-vable presentation of the exotic. hen his novice explorer Beaufort, try-g to forget the tragic death of his ncée in the Alps, starts off on his st expedition through the desert, the ader goes along with him, thrilled th its mystery and bewildered by its natic moods.

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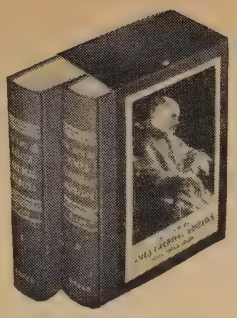
Throughout the novel, the compara-



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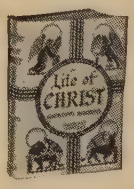

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FRANK O'GORMAN

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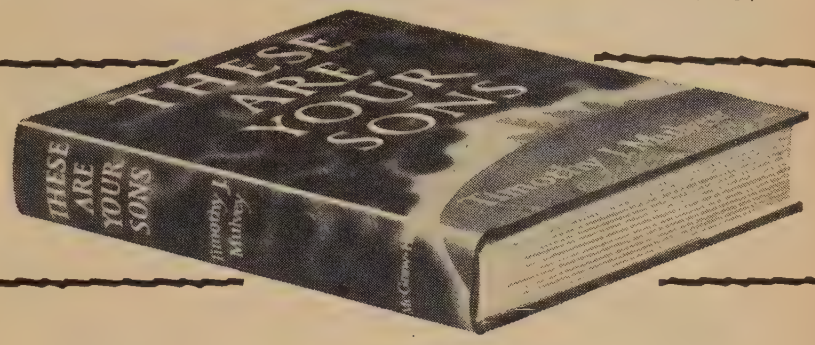

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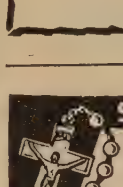

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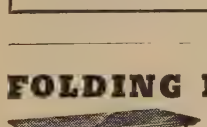

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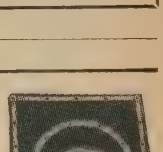

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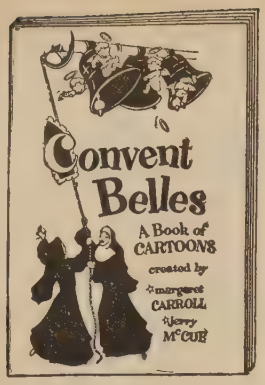

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PASSPORT FOR JENNIFER. By Edward Ellsberg. 224 pages. Dodd, Mead. $2.75. This story concerns a British seaman, Vic Harding, who is informed that his wife died and left him with an eleven-month-old daughter, Jennifer. He decides to give her in adoption to his friends in America, the Ankers. The mountains of red tape, the heartbreaks and disappointments involved in obtaining a passport for little Jennifer supply the plot for this little tale. Interspersed with the trials of Jennifer are some very interesting and thrilling accounts of salvage operations at sea. Though the author gives a tender portrayal of Jennifer's plight, it is evident that he is more at home on the bombed and burning ship in enemy waters.

JOURNEY INTO WONDER. By N. J. Berrill. 338 pages. Dodd, Mead. $4.00. To anyone who is fascinated by the wonders of the sea, this book will provide hours of profitable enjoyment. Retracing the sea trips of Columbus and other famous explorers, the learned author gives a graphic life history of the numerous sea birds and fish that inhabit the oceans and seas. With Kon-Tiki-like descriptions, he relates the marvels of the Humboldt Current and the transmigrations of animals across the glacial intercontinental shelf. The internationally famous author not only has written a scientific book on sea life, but has written it in entertaining fashion worthy of a novel.

THE SMALL MIRACLE. By Paul Gallico. 58 pages. Doubleday. $1.50. *The Small Miracle* is a short story, bound in a hard cover and expanded to the physical size of a small book. As a story, it is much bigger than its physical bulk and thoroughly deserves its solitary—if somewhat puffed—format. Pepino, a ten-year-old Italian war orphan, had no heritage but Violetta, a donkey with a willing back and a Mona Lisa smile. From bit parts in the haulage line, Pepino, with Violetta, was able to run a business and make a living. When Violetta sickened and lost her smile, Pepino wanted to take her into the crypt of the Basilica to St. Francis' tomb, so that the Saint might cure her. Since they lived in Assisi, Pepino's desire might seem easy of fulfillment. But, alas, it was not. Many days and much heartbreaking travel for Pepino intervened before he could get Violetta into the crypt where the Poverello could deal with her. How it was done is the story. A beautiful story in the tradition of the *Fioretti*.

FLORENCE. By Edward Hutton. 284 pages. McKay. $4.50. Author Hutton loves Florence. The reader who might remain unconvinced by Hutton's avowal of regard could scarcely read through his

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SEX-CHARACTER EDUCATION. John A. O'Brien. 212 pages. Macmilla $2.75. How to instruct and train ch dren in sex matters is a knottier dom tic problem than how to keep them trousers and shoes. Each family, li each human person, has a personali and temperament of its own. Its me bers have their own unique pattern reaction and communication. One mot er's technique for telling her daught about the processes of procreation mu be determined by their own mothe daughter relationship, not by that of th mother and daughter next door wh may be much more or much less form with each other. Father O'Brien, this volume, supplies ideas which i structors — parental or otherwise — ca modify to their own needs. Collabora ing with him are experts who cov various aspects of the sex question.

LIVING WITH CANCER. By Edn Kaehele. 160 pages. Doubleday. $2.0 One July day, in 1946, Mrs. Edna Ka hele, of Denver, mother of four childre went to her doctor for a physic checkup. She had been feeling mildly i for a few months but had laughed off as a touch of gall bladder, a sluggis liver, or the start of the menopause. Th doctor discovered she had cancer an told her so. Mrs. Kaehele immediatel faced a frightening array of social, th rapeutic, and emotional adjustment While the cancer therapies—professiona and otherwise—have not cured the can cer—it is still an active malignancy- they appear to have had a progressivel favorable effect. The emotional adjus ments, however, are what Mrs. Kaehele' book is about. She describes how sh re-schooled her whole system of value to take account of the fact that she wa a victim of that dreaded pathologica accident in which ones own body be comes a parasite on itself until it kill itself. The book is as grim as its title But it is a most interesting documen and its author is a brave and strong minded woman.

Christmas Books for Children

by ANNE THAXTER EATON

T is to be hoped that sooner or later all boys and girls will make the acaintance of Lewis Carroll's *Alice,* nneth Grahame's *The Wind in the illows,* and other children's classics. ch autumn presents a problem, for no viewer can do more than note a few the outstanding, new titles. This undance reminds us how necessary it to use care and thoughtfulness in oosing for children that best of all ristmas presents, a book.

r the Youngest Readers

For the younger children, the season ens with a magnificent picture book, **ss in Boots:** A Free Translation from arles Perrault, with pictures by rcia Brown *(Scribner $2.00).* The o in his red boots has a panache d a splendid effrontery that Cyrano nself might envy, and there is a deous undercurrent of drollery in the wings that both children and their ers enjoy. William Lipkin and colas Mordvinoff give us as **Even ven** *(Harcourt $2.25),* the story of little boy on a ranch and the all white horse he chooses for his n. This story of a friendship between oy and his horse, told in lively pices and brief amusing text, will deht very young western fans. **Look!,** Zhenya Gay, *(Viking $2.00),* is a utiful picture book showing thirteen y animals, one to a page, the few ple words with each making a rhyme the pages are turned. The artist has ght the appealing quality in each imal. In **Beasts and Nonsense** *(Viking $2.00),* Marie Hall Ets has combined nonsense and animals in a way that will delight the nonsense lover of any age. There are lively rhymes and still livelier drawings of odd creatures and their odd doings that would make a zoo an even more entertaining place than it is.

For Slightly Older Children

For Kipling's immortal **Just So Stories,** Nicolas Mordvinoff has made stunning full-page pictures in color. *(Garden City $2.50).* Jenny Linsky, the little black cat, heroine of five delightful little books written and illustrated by Esther Averill, appears in a sixth story, **Jenny's Adopted Brothers,** *(Harper $1.50),* the most charming of all. Jenny, sorry for two homeless cats, takes them back to her master Captain Tinker but cannot help a pang of jealousy at the way the newcomers make themselves at home. **Little Fox,** by Frances Frost *(Whittlesey $2.25),* tells of a young fox's growing up and how he learned the ways of the woods from his clever, magnificent father, whom he so admired. Hetty Burlingame Beatty will please young readers from six to nine with her **Bronto** *(Doubleday $2.00).* The friendship between the little horse that wasn't much thought of, and the little boy who didn't look like much either, worked wonders for both of them.

For Nine-to-Twelve-Year-Olds

The Treasure Trove of the Sun, by M. Prishvin, Translated by Tatiana

Balkoff-Drowne *(Viking $2.75),* tells of one day in the life of a little peasant boy and girl in Northern Russia. They set out to gather spring cranberries in a meadow near the Wandering Swamp, called the treasure trove of the sun because of its rich layers of peat. The life of the villagers and their wolf hunt come into the story, but most of all we are conscious of the swamp itself, myriad life of beast and bird, butterfly and lizard over and around it. A book of rare distinction. Those who read Priscilla Warner's *Biddy Christmas* will welcome her **Picture Come True** *(Doubleday $2.50),* another story of the Maitland family, centering about Bridget, a sensitive, thoughtful child who does not take life easily. Disappointments come; it is hard to be left with an aunt and attending a strange school when her father and mother go to Australia. But her painting, which is cleverly worked into the story, is a solace; an uncle proves an understanding friend; and many things that girls like to read about, pets, school plays, Christmas, fill her days. The author has made her own lovely illustrations. In **The Pony That Kept a Secret,** by Elizabeth Lansing *(Crowell $2.00),* we find again the attractive family of *The Pony That Ran Away.* It was a busy summer for the ten-year-old twins, Ted and Sue, and for Robbie, the engaging four-year-old. An amusing story with a happy home atmosphere. For dog lovers there is **Lost Dog Jerry,** by Tom Robinson *(Viking $2.50).* Jerry, a St. Bernard who lived on a farm, was accidentally loaded into a boxcar with a load of calves, and when the calves were unloaded Jerry discovered he was in Kansas City. At once, heading east by instinct, he set out to find his home in Massachusetts. Once he was taken for a bear, once for an escaped lion, but nothing stopped his progress and at last, in a snow storm, he reached his home farm and as his own Jim, on his way to school, took off a mitten, he felt a wet cold nose against

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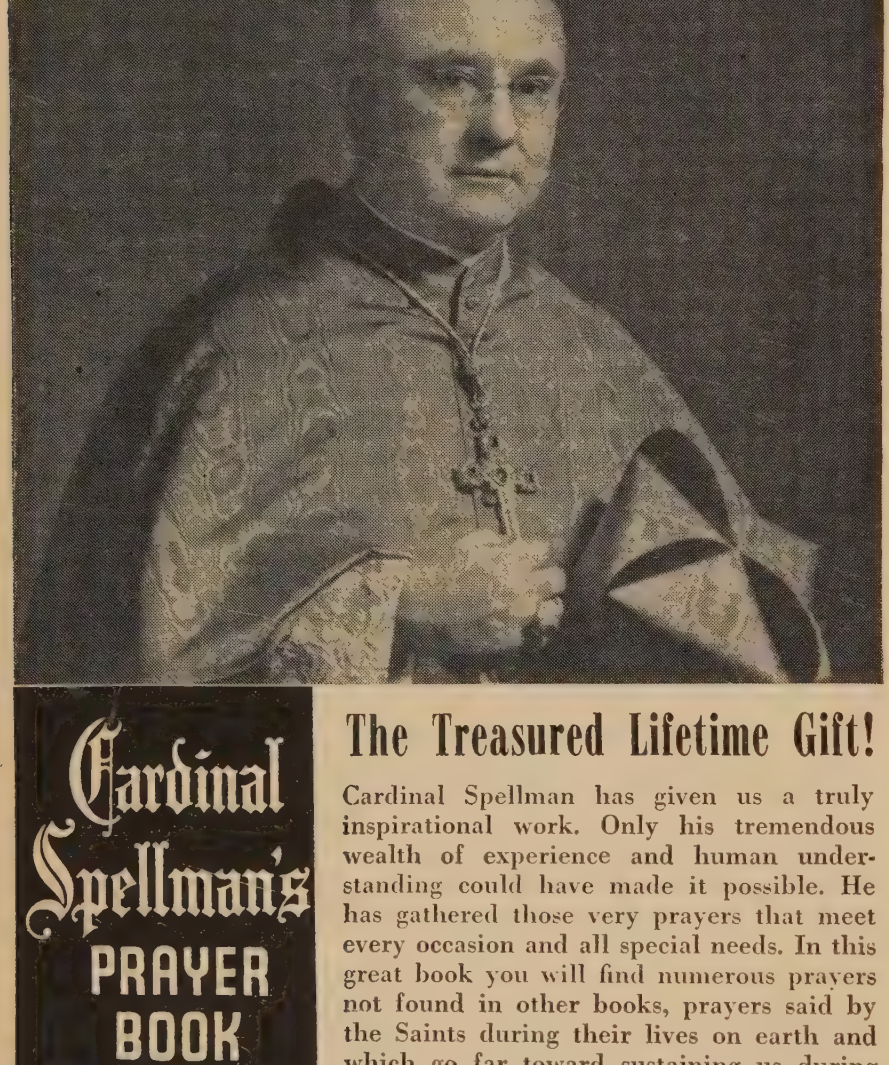

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his hand. Fine drawings by Mor Dennis. Surprising as the title sou **The Boy Who Stole An Elephant,** Julilly Kohler *(Knopf $2.50),* is based an actual happening still remembe in a small town in Western Kentuc Gyp, orphan boy, who helps in a th rate circus, is determined that Quee the elephant, borrowed for the summ shall not be sold by the dishonest cir proprietor, but that he will get her b to her real owner. This he accomplish not without difficulty. He is even jai at one point, but Queenie, who lo him, knows how to behave to get h out.

For Readers from Twelve Up

Dream Gold, by David Severn *(W ing $2.50),* is an adventure story th ranks high. The plot, which involv an ancient curse and how it reached c to touch two boys of the present da pirates; ghosts; a sunken treasure sh and a desolate seagirt house, moves inevitably to its dramatic conclusion. **Alfred and the Saint,** by Priscilla Wil *(Longmans $2.50),* a boy, mute fr birth, grows up loving and understan ing horses, for his father is huntsman the Midland Valley Hunt Club. Wh the Saint, a beautiful thoroughbre suffers a heart attack and is ordered p to sleep by the vet, Alfred, his fath and the daughter of the owner, ent into a conspiracy to save the hors How they succeed is an interesting a satisfying story. Eric Jorgensen in **Th Beautiful Ship,** by John B. Presco *(Longmans $2.50),* buys the "Goo Hope," his "beautiful ship," though s is far from new, and young though h is, sets up in the fishing business f himself. The season is bad, men are cu ting nets, Eric is unjustly suspected, b with his loyal crew of two he com through, though there is hand-to-han fighting with desperate men and nea shipwreck for the "Good Hope." **Th Book of Hugh Flower,** by Laura Bee *(Harper $2.50),* paints an authentic pi ture of the masons' guild in England i the fifteenth century. The emphasis o fine and honest craftsmanship, the reve ence for the Church, and the pride o the masons in using their skill for th glory of God, will help young reade to understand the period. **The Captiv Princess,** in the book of that name b Maxine Shore *(Longmans $3.00),* the daughter of Caractacus, the Britis ruler, taken to Rome with his famil when Britain was conquered. Th princess, now called Claudia, when sh discovers that the young Roman sh loves and marries is secretly a Christian gladly becomes a follower of the Way In **Tamar,** by Gladys Malvern *(Long mans $2.50),* the story centers about th young daughter of Jairus, ruler o

Capharnaum, who was restored to life by the healing of the "young rabbi" from Nazareth, and her love for Julian the young Roman.

Fun and Fancy

No list of books at Christmas time would be complete without plenty of fun and laughter, and this year it is a pleasure to welcome back in print Henry Beston's **Fairy Tales** *(Aladdin $5.00)*. This consists of three new stories and sixteen from *The Firelight Fairy Book* and *The Starlight Wonder Book*, which appeared some thirty years ago but which have never been forgotten. Another enchanting volume of tales, long out of print, has reappeared this Christmas, **The Wee Men of Ballywooden**, by Arthur Mason *(Viking $2.50)*. This was the first book illustrated by Robert Lawson, and it is a pleasure to see again these wee men of Ireland and to learn how on the Night of the Big Wind they were blown away and how they got back again. According to Rowland Emett, author-artist of **New World for Nellie** *(Harcourt $2.50)*, there was an old rusty engine named Nellie on a forgotten railway in an obscure corner of England called Cloud Cuckoo Land. Once a day and twice a week, Nellie steamed down the valley to the sea. Albert Funnel, the engineer, and Frederick Firedoor, the guard-fireman-porter, were always in trouble with the stationmaster because they insisted on stopping to pick flowers for Nellie's window boxes, so, converting Nellie to a flying machine, they crossed the ocean to the New World. The intricate, delicately colored drawings repay close study; they are beautiful as well as humorous. **Captain Appleby's Ghost**, by Evelyn Sibley Lampman *(Doubleday $2.50)*, is an original and amusingly different ghost

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Devote their lives to the care of orphans and the aged, to nursing the sick in hospitals and the teaching of youth. The Community enjoys the privilege of Perpetual Adoration, combining the active and contemplative life.

Address MOTHER SUPERIOR

CARMELITE SISTERS

of the Divine Heart of Jesus welcome candidates who wish to consecrate themselves to the Divine Heart of Jesus, by taking care of children, the aged or missions. Apply to the

Reverend Mother Provincial,
1214 Kavanaugh Place, Wauwatosa, 13, Wis.

ACTIVE CARMELITES

Perhaps the Queen of Carmel wants to clothe YOU with the special sign of her love—her scapular. If you are not inclined to teach, work with the Aged and Infirm offers untold possibilities for your talents. Girls from 15 to 35, of good Catholic families, who feel that they have a vocation and who desire to live a life hidden in Christ in a Community dedicated to Mary and Carmel, are welcome to send for descriptive literature or come for a personal interview. Apply to:

REV. MOTHER M. ANGELINE TERESA, O. CARM.
St. Teresa's Motherhouse, Avila on the Hudson, Germantown, N. Y.

story. The Captain, returning to earth to visit the Victorian mansion which had been his home, finds it badly dilapidated and used as a museum by children from an overcrowded district who have no other place to play. Captain Appl could neither be seen nor heard, bu he quivered with delight when he di covered that he didn't need to know all the words of a sentence he wante spoken. The scenes in which the characters to their own intense astonishmen speak the words the Captain puts int their mouths are genuinely funny. **Richard Brown and the Dragon;** Retold from an Anecdote by Samuel Langhorn Clemens, by Robert Bright *(Doubleda $2.00),* is a gay bit of nonsense abou an enterprising lad who, on the princ ple that a dragon is made of fire, in vented the fire extinguisher and rod over the land extinguishing dragons un til there were no more. Amusing draw ings by the author. **The Hen Tha Saved the World and Other Norwegian Folk Tales** *(John Day $2.25)* contain six familiar stories retold in spirited fashion by Margaret Sperry.

Poetry and Religion

In **Daddy Fell Into the Well, And Other Poems for Children** *(Sheed and Ward $2.00),* Alfred Noyes writes not o but *for* children. These verses written to amuse his own children include "Mo and the Mouse," "Dressy Little Dr Dabbs," who "used to fish for soft shell crabs," the cat who said that when she made over the universe "the mouldy old houses would rustle with rats if the world were arranged for the comfort of cats." There are gay, delightful drawings by Fritz Kredel. In **Far and Few Rhymes of the Never Was and Always Is** by David McCord *(Little Brown $2.50)* there are poems which reflect a child's feeling about many things, "The Frost Pane," the grasshopper who climbed out of the well and "hopped away proper, like any grasshopper." The deft versification charms the reader of any age. **The Shepherds of Fatima,** by Father De Marchi *(Sheed and Ward $2.00),* is written in prose, but the three little shepherd children who saw the crystal lights in the sky and the radiant angel who spoke comforting words; their visions, our Lady's message to the world entrusted to them, their faith and steadfastness, are poetry as well as truth. **Letters To An Altar Boy,** by the Reverend David E. Rosage *(Bruce $1.50),* are just such little talks as a wise pastor would use to impress upon his altar boys that serving Mass is a privilege and an honor, to remind them that it is also a responsibility and to encourage them to take pride in serving with intelligence and dignity. Tasha Tudor in **First Prayers** *(Oxford $1.50),* a tiny book in delicate colors, has collected

OU CAN WIN SOULS

or Christ as a Mis-onary Sister doing techetical and nurs-g work. Age 16-30. rite:

Daughters of Mary HEALTH of the SICK Vista Maria Cragsmoor, N. Y.

The Missionary Sisters of the Most Sacred Heart of Jesus

evote their lives to teaching, nursing, and car-g for the aged and orphans in the home and reign missions. Does the Sacred Heart call ou to serve Him in this Congregation? Write to

Mother Provincial, St. Michael's Convent ernharts Reading, Pa.

THE SERVANTS OF RELIEF FOR INCURABLE CANCER

DOMINICAN SISTERS, CONGREGATION OF ST. ROSE OF LIMA

oung women desiring to devote their lives to the eligious service of Christ's afflicted poor are earn-tly invited to write to Reverend Mother Superior ROSARY HILL HOME, HAWTHORNE, N. Y.

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For information address:
Directress of Vocations

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Caldwell, New Jersey

e Church needs Missionaries—catechists, domestic ers, teachers, nurses. Young women between the of 16 and 27 of normal health, average intel-ce, good character and generous heart are quali-to fill this need. If interested apply to

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Pallottine Missionary Sisters
St. Mary's Convent
Huntington 2, W. Va.

arish Visitors of Mary Immaculate

Religious Community of Missionary Sisters, ained Catechists and Professional Social orkers. Central Mission House: 328 West 71st reet, New York City.

OVITIATE: MARYCREST CONVENT
Monroe, Orange County, New York
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Precious Blood Convent, P.O. Box 43, Shillington, Pa.

Franciscan Missionary Brothers of The Sacred Heart of Jesus

Congregation of Home Missionaries, nurse the sick, are employed in other trades and clerical works, invite young men 16 to 45 to enter their ranks. Write to:

Rev. Brother Superior
St. Francis Monastery
Eureka, Missouri

YOUNG MEN NEEDED AS
FRANCISCAN BROTHERS

g men wishing to follow their Divine Master interested in boarding school work or the bilitation of problem boys can obtain more mation by writing to: Rev. Brother Provincial, Alverno, Cincinnati 5, Ohio.

prayers for little children, some familiar, others less so, but all simple and childlike, and has illustrated them with some of her loveliest drawings. The Catholic edition has the Imprimatur.

Christmas Books

Each year brings new books about the Christmas Festival. One not to be missed this year is **The Christmas Book,** by Father Francis X. Weiser *(Harcourt $3.00).* Here is the whole, long story of the celebration of Christmas, beginning with its gospel and history, continuing through the Middle Ages and the decline and revival of Christmas customs. Pleasing and appropriate drawings by Robert Frankenburg. In **Christmas in the Barn,** by Margaret Wise Brown, pictures by Barbara Cooney *(Crowell $1.75),* the Nativity story told in simple rhythmic prose and the fine pictures in color and in black and white will please four-to-eight-year-olds. **Maggie Rose, Her Birthday Christmas,** by Ruth Sawyer *(Harper $2.00),* is the heart-warming story of a little girl, born on Christmas Eve, and her struggle to provide a birthday Christmas celebration for her family. Gian Carlo Menotti's **Amahl and the Night Visitors,** shown on television last Christmas time, is now published in book form *(Whittlesey $2.75).* The exact dialogue of the opera has been preserved and the result is a picturesque, kindly, gently humorous tale for all ages.

There are more new Christmas books this year than usual, yet it is well to remember and read again the old favorites, since Christmas is a time for reading old tales: Charles Brady's **Cat Royal,** *(Sheed and Ward $2.00),* the lovely Christmas chapter in Kenneth Grahame's **The Wind in the Willows;** Beatrix Potter's **The Tailor of Gloucester;** and Dickens' **Christmas Carol.** Children will enjoy all over again, too, **Christmas Calendar,** by Ilonka Karasz *(Harper $1.75),* published last year, with its story in pictures of each December day's preparations for Christmas.

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Please send free booklet and 16 sample lesson pages.
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THE MISSIONARIES of the SACRED HEART

welcome boys and young men desiring to serve God as priests in this country or in the foreign missions, according to their choice. Lack of funds no obstacle.

8th graders and high school students should apply for minor seminary. College and university students may apply for clerical novitiate.

Young Men, *18 to 35 years of age*, who do not wish to become priests, but feel called to the *Religious Life*, are invited to join the Society as *Lay Brothers*. Theirs is a well balanced life of *prayer* and *work, office, shop, kitchen, and farm work*.

***Write now to:* DIRECTOR OF VOCATIONS,**
Sacred Heart Mission Seminary, Geneva, Illinois
(located 40 miles west of Chicago, Ill.)

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(Order of the Pious Schools)

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Write for further information to the

PIARIST FATHERS P. O. Box 2096, Buffalo 5, N. Y.

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Brother Director, ALEXIAN BROTHERS POSTULATE Signal Mtn., Tenn.
117 James Boulevard

BROTHERS OF HOLY CROSS

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA

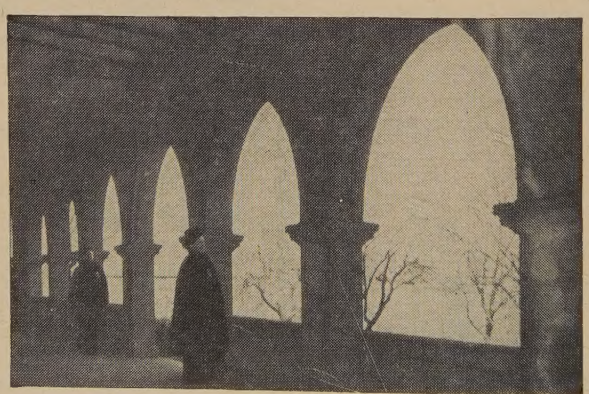
Young men interested in becoming Brothers of Holy Cross have an opportunity to engage in many activities, such as teaching, foreign missions, working with underprivileged boys, nursing, office work, printing, trades, etc. For information and literature write to:

BROTHER HYACINTH, C.S.C.
St. Joseph Juniorate Valatie 9, New York

BOYS called to the service of GOD

The Minor Seminary of the Discalced Carmelite Fathers receives young men and boys who feel themselves called to serve God in the religious state. Boys who have finished grammar school or higher grades may apply to:

REV. FATHER RECTOR, O.C.D.
Minor Seminary of Our Lady
Holy Hill P. O., Hubertus, Wisconsin
Worthy boys unable to pay board and tuition will be given consideration.



THE PASSIONIST FATHERS

live a monastic and an apostolic life. From the solitude of the cloister, they go forth to preach missions and retreats. Young men interested in a vocation to the Passionist Way of Life are invited to write for further information.

Those living east of Ohio should write to:
Very Rev. Father Provincial, C.P.
Passionist Monastery
1901 West Street
Union City, New Jersey

All others should write to:
Very Rev. Father Provincial, C.P.
Passionist Monastery
5700 North Harlem Avenue
Chicago 31, Ill.

LETTERS

(*Continued from page 5*)

the public. Your A.C.L.U. article will b useful there.

MRS. ROBERT A. BAURE
ST. PETERSBURG, FLA.

A Suggestion

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Why can't an article be written abou parents living with their married children Surely this is a common practice today and probably many marriages are in danger o separation because of it.

Older folks sometimes forget they have already lived their lives.

MRS. A. K.
NEW YORK, N. Y.

Send The Sign

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

In answer to your many letters and pleas for our subscription renewal: Yes! Keep on sending your SIGN and our salvation—amid an ever-growing jungle of "ash can" journalism, and rabid, hyperneurotic purveyors of half truths—(and worse—No truth). THE SIGN is an oasis of light and hope for the survival of all that is holy, Christian, and democratically and Americanly right and just. To you and yours in your labors in "the Vineyard" I say—as to our Pontiff—*Ad Multos Annos!*

WARREN B. VENTERS
Aberdeen, South Dakota

Christmas Cards

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Thank you for your prompt attention to my request for Christmas cards on approval. The cards have arrived and are entirely suitable. They are in excellent taste and a superb "bargain." Heretofore, any religious cards I have been able to get were not as attractive as these.

LAWRENCE R. RYAN
CHICAGO, ILL.

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Last week I received the Christmas cards which I had ordered from you. They were the most beautiful collection of religious Christmas cards I have ever seen.

Therefore, I am enclosing the necessary amount of money for another box of the cards. Please send me the same selection as you sent before as soon as possible. Thank you.

MISS A. J. COUGHLIN
MINEOLA, L.I.; N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: For information on THE SIGN Christmas Cards, see page 4.

Agreement

We are not Catholics but we enjoy THE SIGN and when we are through with it we pass it on to others who enjoy it also. I am greatly in agreement with the editorial re Charlie Chaplin.

EVA F. MACARTHUR
TENAFLY, N. J.